

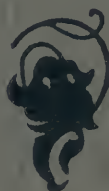
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Yellow Creek Humor.



William J. Burtscher.

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YELLOW CREEK HUMOR

A BOOK OF BURTSCHER DROLLERIES

BY

WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

The Lord Baltimore Press
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

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WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

YELLOW CREEK HUMOR.

Yellow Creek is a lively little stream, which never runs dry. May this be true of Yellow Creek Humor. For a copy attach your address to a one-dollar bill and send it to the author at Ruskin, Tenn.

Oh, Yellow Creek!
All night I dream of thee,
All day I drink of thee!
Purling, babbling brook!
Cleanse and sweeten all my book!

*Dedicated
to
My Wife
Who sometimes laughs
at my humor,
Not
Because IT is good
But
Because SHE is good.*

A PRAYER.

I thank thee, O Lord, that I am like other men, not better nor worse ; that I can understand them by studying myself, and that I will know what is in me if I seek to know more of thee, for thou dwellest in me. Where other men have fallen I may fall ; therefore I will not follow the weak except to give them strength, and I will not allow my neighbor to drift from thee, lest I drift with him. I thank thee that I have been bad enough to feel for the sinner, and that now, with thy help, I am good enough to feel a desire for the highest good. I thank thee that I am as I am, and that everything about me is as it is.

I pray, O Lord, that thou wouldst hear my prayer. Give me more wisdom, that I may apply it to the interpretation of thy truth ; more friends, that I may love them and be loved by them ; more wealth, that I may be able to pay more for the support of the gospel ; and more grace, that I may possess all I profess, and that I may not be ashamed to profess all I possess.

Make me an optimist. Help me to practice what thy ministers preach. Help me to preach what thy saints practice. Help me to go about doing good. In His name ; Amen.

CREDIT.

Nearly all of the material of which this book is composed originally appeared in the following publications:

Taylor-Trotwood Magazine, Nashville, Tenn.

Business Magazine, Knoxville, Tenn.

Home Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Epworth Era, Nashville, Tenn.

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Farm News, Springfield, Ohio.

Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Penna.

Farm Life, Chicago, Ill.

Farm and Ranch, Dallas, Tex.

CONTENTS.

SKETCHES.	PAGE
The Yellow Creek Chautauqua.	
First Day—Gillilan from Funnyland.....	11
Second Day—Funshine Hawks.....	13
Third Day—Opie Read.....	16
Fourth Day—Arthur E. Gringle.....	18
Old Uncle Deb.	
Uncle Deb and His Cane.....	22
Uncle Deb and Mother Goose.....	26
Uncle Deb Objects.....	28
A Negro Barbecue.....	29
Uncle Deb on Ghosts.....	30
Other Sketches.	
Lazy Bill Adkins.....	32
Nineteen-Ought-Eight, Ten Rings.....	33
A Man and His Dog.....	35
A Boy and His Hobby.....	36
The Legend of Big Cave.....	37
The Political Record of Squire Joines.....	38
The Y. C. Railroad.....	40
The Letters of Cal. F. Head.....	43
YELLOW CREEK PHILOSOPHY.....	47
RHYMES AND JINGLES.	
Being Identified	59
On a Two-cent Fare.....	61
Let 'er Go!.....	62
Corn Shuckin' Time.....	63
Childhood's Springtime	64
Browning	65
On Walking	68
The Laugh-making Man.....	68
The Optimistic Philosopher.....	69
Ante-Dinner Philosophy	70
Rhyme of a Dozen.....	71
How to Tell the News.....	72

Just Thinking	73
A Tune to Whistle.....	73
Living Like a White Man.....	73
Learn to Laugh.....	74

THE YELLOW CREEK HUMORIST IN PUBLIC.

A New Name for "Sunshine" Hawks.....	76
Introducing Hal Merton.....	76
He Makes Resolutions.....	77
He Tells a Story.....	78
As a Lecture-Entertainer.....	78
Incidents of His First Lecture Tour.....	79
Heard in His Lectures.....	84
His Optimism	91

JOKES.

Would go North.....	93
Indeed	93
The Way of the Liar.....	94
On the Wrong Ladder.....	94
Everybody Remained but Father.....	95
Why He Didn't Go to School.....	96
Didn't Mean to Support Him.....	96
Thot Papa Would be 'Fraid.....	96
Education in Travel.....	97
Would Have Been a Joke on the Company.....	97
Cal. F. Head at the Postoffice.....	98
Another Sham	98
Told the Truth.....	99
Financially Speaking	100
Voting on Yellow Creek.....	101
Bill Adkins Buys Socks.....	102
Thought He Was in a Trance.....	102
The Yellow Creek Walking Club.....	103
Night-waking	103
When the Moon Shines.....	103
Matthew 8:32	104
Bill Adkins as a Patriot.....	104
Good Philosophy	105
Take a Look.....	105
Sunshine	105
Another Burtscher Introduction.....	106
How to Read Yellow Creek Humor.....	107

SKETCHES.

THE YELLOW CREEK CHAUTAUQUA.

A series of sketches showing what happened to real men at an imaginary Chautauqua.

FIRST DAY—ATTRACTION, STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN FROM FUNNYLAND.

I was in the Yellow Creek country on business for a day. John Sharp told me that they were having their first Chautauqua, that it would begin that night at eight o'clock, and that the attraction was "one o' them funny fellers." So I promised to remain until morning.

Sharp and I reached the Chautauqua grounds several minutes late. As we entered, the gate keeper, an unsophisticated lad of about eighteen years, whispered to me: "Mister, you'd better git a season ticket, an' buy it from Susie Jones—she's my girl."

The chairman came forward. His manner seemed to suggest that he "hated mighty bad to do it, but I've put it off as long as I can."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the chairman. There was a second's pause which lasted ten minutes.

"Ain't he awkward, tho!" I heard the girl in front whisper to her beau.

"As manager," continued the chairman, "of this here Chawtalker, it affords me every kind of pleasure that I can subscribe in introducing to a Yellow Creek audience Mr. Strickland W. Gillilan from Funnyland."

"I don't see the man," I remarked to Sharp.

"Nor do I neither," returned Sharp.

"He was to speak from this platform at eight o'clock," the chairman went on. "It is eight-fifteen now. 'Squire Joines tells me that the man went to bed at his house this afternoon, as he'd been on a long jump gettin' here, which I don't know what he means by it, but he said he hadn't been used to feather beds in hotels, and so he overslept hisself. He has just now woke and will git here in half an hour, prompt. So, ladies and gentlemen—"

The young man we had seen at the gate rushed on the platform, interrupting the speaker:

"Bill Chairman, must I make 'em show their tickets as they go out, too?" asked the gate keeper.

"Of course not," yelled the chairman. "Who wants to go out, anyhow?"

"A lot on 'em."

"Well, don't let 'em go. The Funnyman'll be here 'fore long."

The chairman took a drink of Yellow Creek water, and rubbing his forehead with a red handkerchief, continued, "Ladies and Gentlemen, as I was a-saying before Jimmie interrupted me, this man Gillilan will be here in half an hour, and as the introduction which I have prepared for this auspicious occasion is just half an hour long, all typewritten, at that, I will now begin to introduce him, so that I'll be thru by the time he gits here."

The speaker took a manuscript out of his pocket (which, by the way, was rolled) and placed it on a table before him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began for the severalst time, "the happy moment has come. It affords me as many pleasures as there are colors in the rainbow to introduce him. He is a humorist, and that's what we do want at this Chaw-talker. And since he's a humorist we must laugh. Ladies and gentlemen, watch Mr. Gillilan like a hawk, and when he laughs, you laugh, and when he keeps a sober face, you

keep a sober face. Humor, ladies and gentlemen, is a funny thing—”

The gate keeper rushed on the platform for the second time. “Bill Chairman,” he blurted out, “there’s a man out there that ain’t got no ticket, and he’s in an awful hurry t’ git in here an’ said he jist had t’ git in here at once, an’ that it was all right with you, but I told him that you told me not t’ let nobody in that didn’t have no ticket an’ so I couldn’t let him in.”

“What kind of a looking man is he?” asked the chairman.

“He is a pretty sort of a feller, sort o’ tall like, with a fine white shirt on, and a funny coat and vest, and—”

“Why, you dunce, that’s the man I am introducin’, that’s Mr. Gillilan. Let him in right away.”

When Mr. Gillilan came on the floor the girl in front whispered to her beau, “Well, did you ever. He’s awkwarder’n Bill Chairman, ain’t he?”

Mr. Gillilan began, “My dear friends—and those I met at the gate on their way home.”

As I learned that Sunshine Hawks was to be there the next night I promised Sharp to remain another day.

SECOND DAY—ATTRACTION, FUNSHINE HAWKS.

The Yellow Creek Chautauqua Assembly, I found, did not assemble during the day. John Sharp explained that all the Yellow Creek farmers had been thrown behind with their work on account of so much rain, and that one program a day was about all they cared for anyhow.

“If we could get any of these here speakers here early in the day we’d put ’em to work in the field,” he explained to me at the breakfast table.

“What would you have Mr. Hawks do, for instance, if he should get here early to-day?” I asked. “You know Mr. Hawks is an old man.”

"We'd have him pack water, I reckon."

We reached the Chautauqua grounds on time—a few minutes before eight. My unsophisticated friend, the door-keeper, took my quarter, rather reluctantly. He remarked, as I passed him:

"Ain't you goin' t' buy a season ticket? Susie Jones has still got some left. She's my girl."

"This will probably be my last day here," I explained.

As we seated ourselves somewhere near the front Bill Chairman appeared on the platform, a little bolder and a little more at home than the night before.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began—he could say that as well as anybody—"this is the second day of this here Chawtalker. The first day was a big success, and I will say that those who went home before the program began last night have come up to me to-day and apologized. We are to have with us to-night, I am glad to say, the famous Funshine Hawks. He is another humorist, and that, you know, is what we do want at this here Chawtalker. I am sorry to tell you all that Mr. Hawks met with a slight accident coming out here a while ago. When they were crossing Yellow Creek the horses got scared at some boys that were in swimming, which they hadn't ought to have been doing, and upset the rig, giving them all a ducking. Mr. Hawks, naturally, got all his clothes wet, and not having another suit with him, and it only being a few minutes until time for him to begin with his lecture on Sunshine and Shadow so that the clothes couldn't dry, he was obliged to borrow some. Well, nobody around Yellow Creek had an extra suit of Sunday clothes to spar, as everybody's got on all they've got to attend the Chawtalker, which I endorse highly. So the best that could be done for Mr. Hawks was to let him have a pair of overalls and a blue jumper jacket. Ladies and gentlemen, Squire Joines will now come on the platform with Mr. Hawks and introduce him to you all."

Mr. Hawks, dressed in overalls, which were so long that they had to be rolled up at the bottom, which was also true of the sleeves of the jumper jacket, came upon the stage with all the grace of an experienced platformist. Around his neck he had a red handkerchief. All eyes were on Mr. Hawks. The squire's introduction was unique:

"Ladies and Feller Citizens: I'm glad that the management has seen fit to confer on me this great honor. I've been in these bottoms now for fifteen years, and I will say that this is the first time I have had a chance to speak before a Yellow Creek audience in public. Ever since the creek overflowed four years ago and drowned about fifty of our little chickens I've been all out o' sorts with this whole community, and I've been wanting to sell out and leave, but now I feel all right, since this great honor has come to me, and I'm going to stay, even if Yellow Creek overflows once a week and drowns every chick I've got, and some of the old hens besides. (Applause.) Feller citizens, I take this opportunity to announce and to let you know that I've still got some of that good sorghum for sale, and also that I wish some of you that are right in this audience now would pay me that money you've been owing me ever since the last election, and pay it right away, too, as I promised to give ten dollars toward this Chawtalker, which I believe is the biggest sum that has been promised. That's all I've got to say, ladies and feller citizens. I thank you again for this privilege. So we'll now hear from Funshine Hawks."

Mr. Hawks, as I have stated before, was dressed in blue overalls, the legs of which were rolled up at the bottom, and furthermore, he had on a jumper jacket, the sleeves of which were also rolled up—and I must not forget to mention, again, the red handkerchief around his neck. Thus Mr. Hawks came forward, beginning his lecture in the usual way:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Dress suits are worn too much—etc., etc."

When I learned after the lecture that Opie Read was to be the attraction the next day I inquired for Susie Jones and bought a season ticket.

THIRD DAY—ATTRACTION, OPIE READ.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” began the chairman, “we are obleeged to begin operations a little late this evening, because Mr. Read couldn’t git here any sooner. It seems that there was a delay on The Yellow Creek Limited to four miles an hour. The conductor’s Ingersoll dollar watch had stopped on him this trip, somehow or ’nother, and in going to see the engineer to get the time, he made a mistake and set the watch by the steam gage on the engine. The general manager did all he could to get them in here, as he wired them to run five miles an hour and make up some of the time. I make this explanation so that you good folks’ll not blame Mr. Read. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Read will now do whatever it is he’s going to do.”

Mr. Read arose and slowly came forward. The audience had been watching him closely during the introduction. I heard ‘Squire Joines, who sat in front of me, whisper to his wife that it was a shame that Mr. Read didn’t even have time to comb his hair before coming on the platform.

“Ladies and Gentlemen—” these were Mr. Read’s first words—“a good story teller always tells his stories sitting down. I will—”

Squire Joines arose and said, “Bill Chairman—excuse me a minute, Mr. Read—it must be somewhat embarrassing to Mr. Read to have to come before an audience without gitting a chanct to even comb his hair. We’ve waited this long, so I guess we can wait till he combs his hair. I make a motion, more or less, that you get Mr. Read a looking glass, and likewise a comb, so he can slick up a little before he begins.”

“I second that motion,” shouted a woman.

A mirror and comb were promptly produced and offered to the speaker.

"I thank you," replied Mr. Read, "but I wear my hair this way all the time."

The chairman placed the mirror and comb on the table before Mr. Read and returned to his seat on the platform.

"I will begin my entertainment," continued Mr. Read, "by telling you—"

"Excuse me a minute, Mr. Read," came a voice from the audience, "but I heard you give an entertainment to a crowd at Evansville, Indiana, about three years ago, when I was up there and spent just three days and a night, and I don't think if I wuz you, I'd tell that automobile story."

"What is your objection to that story?" asked Mr. Read. "That is considered one of the best stories I tell. When I make return dates I am called on to repeat this story."

"Well, I ain't got no objection to it myself," replied the man in the audience, "but there's hardly none of this audience that's ever seen an automobile, and they wouldn't know what you'r talking about, and therefore it wouldn't seem funny, and they wouldn't laugh like them people in Evansville did, and you'd be disappointed."

"I thank the gentleman for the suggestion," smiled Mr. Read, "and I shall take pleasure in throwing that story out, which of course will shorten the entertainment a few minutes."

There was a short pause. Mr. Read picked up the mirror and comb and gently placed them under the table.

"I will now proceed with my entertainment by telling you a story that—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Read—." Another interruption from the audience. "I heard you lecture when I was up to Hopkinsville, Ky., two years ago to see some relatives on my wife's side, and I don't think I'd tell that story about the feller shooting out the moon."

"Now, what is the matter with that one?" Mr. Read asked.

"Nothing, so far's I know, and of course you can tell it if you want to, but I don't think there's a soul in this audience that'll believe it."

"I thank the gentleman"—Mr. Read's smile was growing broader—"for the suggestion. I shall gladly leave that story out, which of course will further shorten the program."

After this Mr. Read was allowed to finish his entertainment without further interruption.

After it was all over I began to inquire as to the nature of the next number. No one seemed able to tell me who would be there the next day. Finally I learned from Bill Chairman that Arthur E. Gringle would be the next attraction.

"I'll stay with you another day," I remarked to John Sharp, as we were leaving the grounds.

FOURTH DAY—ATTRACTION, ARTHUR E. GRINGLE.

It was to be expected, of course, that Mr. Gillilan would tell his Lyceum friends about his adventure at the Yellow Creek Chautauqua; that Sunshine Hawks would come along a day later and tell about his; and that Opie Read, hearing these stories, would laugh and declare that judging from what happened to him there must be some truth in the reports. Nor is it to be wondered at that these Lyceum folks became so interested in this Chautauqua that every man decided to hurry down to Yellow Creek and see for himself. Luckily, they happened on the scene on the last day. Indeed, the Yellow Creek limited to four miles an hour was so crowded with Lyceum people that the conductor was obliged to ride on the engine.

They were all given a place on the platform, too. Bill Chairman said, "That's about the best I can do, as there

ain't room no place else, anyhow." There was Dr. John Merritte Driver, who looked as if he might rise any moment and begin on his lecture on "Ultimate America," and not stop for two hours. Next came Alton Packard, the cartoonist, who was feeling through every pocket he had for a piece of crayon; then came D. Ward King, the good-roads orator, who was pulling his whiskers with the left hand and pounding his right knee with the other, he being excited over the condition of the Yellow Creek roads; and then came Thomas McClary, who, as near as I could see, was practicing what he preaches in his lecture on "The Mission of Mirth." In the center of the circle sat Dr. Gringle in meditative mood. He was slowly but surely meditating on "How to be Happy while Listening to Gringle." There was, too, Ralph Bingham, with a smile so broad that it nearly crowded the others off the platform; L. Beauchamp, smiling, too; Capt. Jack Crawford, trying to show every curl he had; Bob Taylor, wishing he had some of Capt. Jack's hair to go on his own bald head; and also Preston W. Search, the tall man; Edmund Vance Cooke, the poet; Hinshaw, the singer; and Dr. Frank Dixon. Yes, and Gillilan, Hawks and Read were back, too.

Bill Chairman at last came forward. He said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—We have with us to-day a preacher by the name of Gringle, that's got a sermon or something that's called 'How to be Happy While Living.' I've been working on an introduction for about three hours, but as we've got so many Lyceum fellers here to-day, not a one of 'em as can't make a better introduction right off-hand, extemporaneously, you might say, without a bit of preparation, better'n I could do, so I'll just call on any of 'em, and ask him to introduce the speaker of the evening. This man here—I will ask you."

The man designated came forward without a moment's hesitation. He bowed to the audience, turned to his fellow

Lyceumites on the platform, as if he were expecting an inspiration, or sympathy, and then surprised us. He said:

"A platform man may be likened to a musician. The audience is his instrument—each auditor a key. The humorist stands before this wonderful instrument of human keys and produces the music of laughter, harmonious and pleasing to the ear of man. The politician stands before the same instrument and the music he executes is the music of applause, which is also harmonious and pleasing to the ear of man. But now comes the preacher-musician. He takes his place before this instrument and produces, not the music of laughter, nor the music of applause, but the music of soul vibrations, the music of heart pulsations, too silent for man to hear, too classical for his understanding. God, not man, is a listener to such music. He hears, He understands, He appreciates.

"When the preacher-musician plays upon an instrument that is slightly out of tune, with here and there a key unresponsive, or more or less sleepy, the music sounds as inharmonious to God as a sonata would sound to music-loving man if played by a Paderewsky on an old piano. In either case the musician is not at fault. To-night I turn to the preacher-musician and say, you have before you an instrument that is in splendid tune. Every key will respond to your touch. Perform upon it; do your best, as I know you will and you will produce a melody that the angels in heaven will applaud. I turn to the instrument, the audience, and say: you have before you a master performer. He is here to play. You are here to be played upon. The music will now begin. Ladies and Gentlemen—Dr. Gringle."

Yes, the introduction was good, as was also the lecture that followed. But I shall not tell you who made the introduction. Here is where I play my little joke on the reader. Let him make a guess. Who of that row of platformists

would be the most likely to make such an introduction on the spur of the moment?

So ended the Yellow Creek Chautauqua. From an educational viewpoint it was almost a success. Financially it was a failure. Poor Bill Chairman, who had caught the Chautauqua fever out west, and who had worked the scheme up, for the entertainment and edification of his Yellow Creek neighbors, was obliged to sell his farm to make good the deficit. Well, for one thing, the attractions were poorly advertised. For another, the man who does much good to his neighbor does it at a sacrifice to himself.

OLD UNCLE DEB.

Introducing an old-fashioned ante-bellum darky, who brought with him into the twentieth century no education, no money, no property,—nothing but the politeness and the manners which he absorbed from the ladies and the gentlemen whose slave he was.

Old Uncle Deb lived in the Yellow Creek country more than a hundred years. If he had not died he would be living there yet.

The first sketch is based upon true incidents. The others are based upon imagination.

UNCLE DEB AND HIS CANE.

I saw him sitting on a log near the roadside. He was one of those old darkies we are always glad to meet. A description is unnecessary. You know just how he sat there, feeble, and bent with age, his chin resting on the crook of a hickory cane. You know how he was dressed. You know about those gray whiskers under his chin, those wrinkles on his face, and the kinky hair on his head.

“Good morning, Uncle!” I greeted.

“Mo’nin, Boss.” He straightened up.

“Live about here?”

“Yassah. I libs wi’ Mis’ Picket. Dass her house thar behin’ dat big dorg. She dun ’bout de bes’ woman in dese heah United States o’ Ten’ssee, too.”

“Been living in this neighborhood all your life?”

“’S much of it’s I kin recolickt, yassah.”

“How far back can you recollect?”

“I kin recolickt ’s fur back ’s de time I got mah firs’ whoopin’, yassah.”

"How old were you then?"

"Dunno 'zac'ly, but I wuz ole 'nuff t' feel de whoopin', I members."

"How old are you now?"

"Lawzy, Boss, I dunno 'bout dat, sho's you'se bo'n I don'."

"Don't know how old you are? That seems strange. Didn't they have almanacs in those days?"

"Yassah. I reckons dey did. Cose'n dey did, but I didn't hab no time t' insult no alminark. Nawsah. I sho' don' know how ole I is; dun grow'd ole so fast I c'dn't keep up wid it 'tall."

"I suppose you are about a hundred?"

"Yassah. Reckons I is. Cos'n I is! Mis' Picket she dun 'vestigate an' 'quire 'roun' 'bout dat long go."

"Could you count a hundred, Uncle?"

"Dunno whether I c'd 'r not. Life's too sho't t' count 's fur up 's dat."

"That's a pretty cane you have there."

"Yassah. I reckon 'tis. Dat cane dun bin cut on Andrew Jackson's fahm. It dun got a hist'ry an' a repertation."

"How long have you had it?"

"'Bout fifty yeahs, I reckon. Yassah. I thinks a heap o' dis cane. It's a heap o' comfort an' comp'ny t' ole Uncle Deb in his ole days."

"What will you take for it?"

"Nothin' sah. Nawsah! Dis cane's half o' mah livin'. Uncle Deb sho' c'dn't navigate 'thout dis cane. Nawsah."

"Would you take a hundred dollars?"

"A hunerd dollars! U-m-ee! Boss, what you talkin' 'bout? A hunerd dollars fo' dis piece o' hickory. Nawsah, Boss, nawsah!"

"Do you mean to say that you would not take more money than you could count?"

"Cos'n I do. What'd I want wid mo' money 'n I c'd count?"

"You are all right, Uncle. I would like to talk to you for about an hour.

"Reckon you'd hab t' pay me, Boss. 'S ole 's I is I c'dn't lose a whole hour on yo' count fer nothin'. Nawsah, I sho' c'dn't!"

"Lose an hour? Why, man, you are not doing a thing."

"Cos'n I ain' doin' a thing. Nawsah. I doan' hab t' wo'k nohow. Mis' Picket she dun keep me de res' o' mah days, yassah, an' gib me de same vitalls dey all eats desself. Cose'n I ain' doin' a thing."

"Good! I will pay you a dollar an hour. Tell me something about yourself during slavery, or during the war."

"Is it a story you all's wantin', Boss?"

"That's it—a story!"

"Well, Boss, Uncle Deb sho' kin tell you all a story, an' it 'tain' no made-up story nuther, fo' dis dun occur endurin' de wah. De Yankees dey dun had de railroad boun' up at Ten'see City so's t' keep provisions fum gittin' t' Southern Ahmy, an' dey had sev'rl comp'nies right 'roun' heah. I belonged t' Massah Williams in de big house on de conah 'bout a quartah mile up de road to'rds Ten'see City. Massah Williams' folks had two boys in de Confed'rut Ahmy, an' one day one o' dem boys, young Massah Jo, dun broke fru de Yankee lines slick's you please, an' cum right on home. One o' de Yankee Cap'ns an' his wife dey wuz boa'din' at Williamses house, an' dey'd dun tuk'n de oath dat dey w'dn't help nun o' de South'rn sojers. An' de Yankees dun meant bizness, too, 'bout dat oath, yassah, 'cause when sum de folks dat 'd tuk it helpt anyhow dey dun burnt up dey alls houses an' barns, yassah! But Massah Jo didn' know de wuz any Yankee Cap'n in de house, n'r dat his folks 'd tuk'n de oath, so he walk right up t' de doah an' 'gin t' knock. Jo's Mammy op'n de doah, an' Jo fell right

int' her ahms, yassah, an' de Yankee Cap'n an' his wife right thar in de house. But Mis' Williams she dun hab a heap o' presence o' min' f'r jis' sich a 'casion, an' she dun push her boy back an' say,

“ ‘Who're you? I doan' know you. Go 'way fum here!’

“ ‘Doan' you know me, mammy?’ Jo say, ‘I'm yo' boy Jo jis' cum back fum de Southern Ahmy.’

“ ‘Hush,’ say Mis' Williams, ‘go on way fum heah. You're an impostor. I ain' got no boy dat looks like you.’

“ By dis time de Cap'n's wife she dun heah sump'n goin' on an' cum up t' de doah, an' she say, ‘Mis' Williams what do dis mean?’ an den Mis' Williams she dun faint, an' Jo say, ‘I'm her boy fum de ahmy an' she won't own me.’ Den, Boss, what do you reckon dat Yankee woman dun? She say, ‘Your mother ain' able t' help you, young man, fo' she's tuk'n de oath, but I kin. Cum right in.’ Yassah, she dun dun dat, sho's you's bo'n, an' de Yankee Cap'n right in de house. De Cap'n's wife tuk Massah Jo in de kitchen an' fix 'im up sump'n nuther t' eat, an' he sho' hongry, too. Well, sah, when de Cap'n's wife go in de room wha' he at he 'gin t' ax 'bout what all de confusion 'bout. She dun tole 'im not to ax no questions, dat she c'dn't tell 'im, an' dat it didn't concern 'im, nohow. Den de Cap'n git curious an' wan' t' know wus 'n evah, but she tole 'im suah 'nuff dat she c'nd't tell, an' jis w'dn't tell, 'cause it didn't concern 'im nor his ahmy. Well, Boss, young Massah Jo he hid out in de woods foah ten days, an' ebry day Uncle Deb tuk 'im sump'n t' eat in a feed basket, an' kivver it all up wid co'n shucks, an' t' deceive de Yankee sojers I sta't out fru de woods a callin' hawgs. De all fink I gwine feed de hawgs an' pay no 'tention t' me, tho sumtimes dey tease me 'bout feedin' de hawgs an' de way I call 'em. An' Massah Jo dun know what cumin' when he heah me callin' hawgs, yassah. Well, sah, t' make a sho't story sho'ter, Massah Jo broke back fru de Yankee lines agin, an' got back t' his ahmy 'thout no trouble what-

sumevah. An' aftah 'twas all ovah, de Cap'n's wife dun tole de Yankee Cap'n de whole story, an' what she'd dun, an' he jis smile an' chuck her undah de chin an' say, 'you're a brave li'l girl.' "

"That's a splendid story, Uncle. You have earned your dollar. Glad to have met you. When you take a notion to sell your cane, drop me a line. Here's my card. Good bye!"

"Good bye, Boss."

I went on my way smiling. When I passed that way again I looked about for the old darcy, but failed to see him. Anxious to have another chat with the old man I opened the front gate and entered the yard. A friendly dog accompanied me to the door. I knocked. The door opened. I was greeted by Mrs. Picket, a widow eighty-two years old, a cheerful fireplace, and an enlarged picture of Uncle Deb, which hung on the wall.

"I wanted to have a little talk with Uncle Deb," I began, "the old darcy I met here about a year ago."

"Uncle Deb?" She seemed surprised. "Uncle Deb is dead."

"He is? I am sorry to hear that. I suppose I will now be able to buy his cane."

"I suppose not," replied the woman. "We thought a great deal of Uncle Deb. He was the main spoke in the wheel at this place when he lived, and when he died—"

"Well, would you mind letting me examine the cane?"

"Couldn't do that, either, Mister, for when he died the cane was placed in the coffin and buried with him."

UNCLE DEB AND MOTHER GOOSE.

"Well, Uncle Deb," I observed the other day, "I've talked to you about almost every subject of interest, and I am glad to find you so well posted. I thought to-day I would ask you a few questions about literature—that seems to be

the one subject we have avoided altogether. Did you ever hear of Old Mother Goose?"

"Yassah, I has," he replied, "'fact I knowed de ole woman well."

"Not the one I am talking about. She lived in a shoe."

"Same woman, Boss."

"But where did she find a shoe big enough to live in?"

"Easy 'nuff, Boss. Didn' you all nevah heah o' nigger Billjack Snipes deown Yaller Crick—de bigges' footed nigger you evah seed? Well, sah, one day he done frowed 'way one o' his shoes an' Ole Mammy Goose she done cum 'long an' seed it and move right in, an' 'gin t' lib dar."

"Now, speaking about the Mother Goose rhymes, did you ever hear that one about Little Jack Horner?"

"Yassah! 'Fact is, I knowed Jack Horner well."

"Not this Jack Horner, I reckon. You know the jingle says he ate a Christmas pie."

"Same feller. I seed him when he was a eatin' dat pie."

"Did you ever see the picture of him in the book?"

"O, yassah, I seed dat all right; but dat book done got the whole thing up wrong. You cain' nevah 'pend on de books nohow. Now I tells ye I seed Jack Horner when he eatin' dat pie, an' in de fust place he warn't sittin' down 'tall, like de book say he was; an' in de second place, he didn' stick in his thumb, nohow, but he stuck in de whole hand—don' I know Jack Horner?"

"Well, Uncle Deb, I suppose you have heard that one about the cow jumping over the moon?"

"'Cose'n I has. Why, 'fact is, I seed her when she done it."

"Ah, go on now. Where were you when you saw her?"

"Why I was gwine out t' de lot t' milk dat cow at de time."

"Did you milk her before she jumped?"

"Nawsah, she jumped jes' 's I opened de lot gate."

"How long did the cow stay—I mean, how long did it take her to make the jump?"

"Till 'bout ten o'clock I reckon?"

"Where were you all that time?"

"I was in de lot waitin' fo' de cow t' git back so's I c'd milk 'er."

"I suppose you got a lot of milk that night?"

"Nawsah! Didn't git a drap."

"How do you account for that?"

"Why, Boss, I reckon de man in de Moon had done milked her."

UNCLE DEB OBJECTS.

I had been having daily talks with Uncle Deb for a month, with a view of getting material for Darky Sketches. The other day I sent for him again. I said:

"Uncle Deb, I sent for you that I might have another chat with you. You are such an interesting talker—I enjoy your company."

"I knows what you all's wantin' wid me. You cain' fool Uncle Deb. I is dey smartest nigger on Yaller Crick."

"Well, then, what do you reckon I want with you?"

"You all's wantin' me t' say sumpin' or nuther that's smart so's you can write it down on paper an' send it to dey magazeenes. I've heard 'bout dey way you all's been havin' my sayings printed in dey magazeenes. I doan' think it's fair anyhow t' take the very words right out'n a feller's mouf an' git money fur 'em."

"I regret that you take such a pessimistic view of the matter, Uncle Deb, but you see I make my living with my pen, and have to get my material the best way I can. But I want you to understand that the magazines do not print your sayings that I send in to them because they are smart, or because you say them."

"Why does they print 'em, then, I'd like to know."

"They print them because my name is signed to them. That is what makes the matter valuable—my name."

"Well, sir, dat reminds me. I've got a pome heah that one o' my grandchillun dun writ. It's an ode to spring."

"How long has he owed it?"

"'Bout sixteen versus, I reckon."

I took the paper—common wrapping paper—from Uncle Deb's extended hand. I read but one verse.

"This is pure rot, Uncle Deb," I said, handing the manuscript back, "no paper on earth would publish this."

"Dat's what I wuz a thinkin', but Boss, couldn' you all sign your name to it and have it published anyhow?"

A NEGRO BARBECUE.

There is a settlement of colored people down Yellow Creek who have an annual barbecue. This settlement is made up of a good class of men and women, who attend church on Sunday, and serve God during the week.

Anything promoted by good people must be good. So this barbecue was a good barbecue—good enough for many white people to attend. A negro school teacher, a lady of refinement, delivered an address on education and religion. The minister who introduced her to his flock, and the white people present, assured her that the audience might indeed be considered Christian, for the sinners, he declared, were so few in number that they were ashamed to admit it. The speaker began by saying that it was the best behaved crowd of colored folks she had ever seen, adding, "It is the first barbecue I have attended in many years where I did not see or hear the banjo, the fiddle, and the guitar."

Uncle Deb had been given a prominent office. He was to take into custody any man of either race guilty of violating any rule—there were just two. As the white people came on the grounds Uncle Deb approached them with his little speech.

“ You all’s welcome t’ this heah barbecue—’deed you is, but I’ll have t’ ax you t’ be conformed t’ de rules dat’s done been made up for de ’casion. In de fust place, dar ain’ gwine t’ be no cussin’; an’ in de secon’ place, dar ain’ gwine t’ be no drinkin’. Now, when we all come t’ de barbecues you all gits up we sure ’nuff ’haves ourselves, ’cause we been brought up dat away, an’ dat’s all we knows. So we ax you t’ do the same by us. Dat’s right, ain’ it? Cose’n it’s right!”

UNCLE DEB ON GHOSTS.

Yuall ax me do I ’bleeve in spukes? Yessah! I’s ’bleeged t’ tell ye yessah! Maybe yuall doan’ kno’ nuthin’ ’bout ’em, but I does. ’Way back in de ’ginnin’, when de good Lawd he dun make Adam, an’ put him t’ sleep, so’s he’d kno’ nuthin’, an’ tuk one o’ dem floatin’ ribs dat Adam didn’ need nohow, an’ make Mis’ Eve, why den de debbil he dun stud ’round an’ watchin’ what a-goin’ on so’s he c’d make him a man too. An’ lawse me, what yuall reckon de debbil’s man he was like—why he warn’t nuthin more ’n a ghost—nuthin’ but a shadder. Den der debbil he put his ghost t’ sleep, and he tuk a rib an’ make him ’nother ghost quicker’n yo’ c’d say scat. Well, sah, den de ghost’s deyall jes’ watch Adam an’ Eve, an’ do what dey do, an’ fust thing yo’ know when Adam an’ Eve dey has chillun, why dem ghosts dey has chillun, too. Yessah, dey multipline an’ addin’ jes’ like de white folks, an’ when de folks am a millyun, de ghosts am a millyun. But de ghosts dun git de bes’ o’ de folks when de big flood cum, ’cause all de folks dey git drown’, an’ de ghosts dey doan’, ’cause yo’ cain’ kill a ghost nohow, an’ none o’ de ghosts eber dies.

Hit takes all kin’ o’ ghosts t’ make a world. Some ain’t got no laigs, but dey got arms an’ hands whar de laigs oughter be, an’ some ain’t got no hands, but de got laigs an’ feet whar de arms oughter be. An’ some ain’t got no head—

'cause a ghost doan' need no sense, nohow, but dey got a sumpin' what look like a punkin fo' a head. An' dey ain't got no eyes, neether, 'cause dey go 'bout at night when its plum dark, an' dey doan' need no eyes, 'cause it doan' matter nohow whether de ghosts sees yuall 'r not, jes' so's yo' see de ghost.

Yessah. Dat am why I sez de world's full o' ghosts an' de man what ain't nebber seed a ghost, why he jes' ain't been 'round nun.

OTHER SKETCHES.

Including a few incidents which did not occur on Yellow Creek, but were told there.

LAZY BILL ADKINS.

Bill Adkins was the laziest man in the Yellow Creek country. None of his neighbors would give him work—and what is more, Bill seldom applied for a job. But Bill was quite a humorist, which was nothing out of the ordinary, for hasn't some one said that humor is simply a lazy man's point of view?

Bill lived about a mile from the One-Hoss Store, owned by Jim Bumper. The last time Bill visited the store Jim reminded him of a little debt.

"Say, Bill," Jim remarked, about the time Bill was ready to leave, "when are you going to pay me that ten dollars you've been owing me ever since Cleveland was elected the first time?"

Bill hesitated fully three seconds. "I don't owe you any ten dollars, do I?"

"You certainly do, Bill."

"Well, it's been so long ago, I reckon, I've forgot all about it."

"I'll have you know I've not forgot it."

Bill paused another three seconds. "You want me to pay it, do you?"

"I do that, Bill, I've got to have the money so that I can put in another barrel of sugar, as blackberries are getting ripe, and I also need a new box of tobacco."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested Bill, "I'll earn the

money by working for it, and pay you next month ; or I'll try to borrow the money and pay you next week ; or, if you won't say anything about it, I'll steal the money and pay you to-morrow. Now what would you rather I'd do?"

"Considering how bad I need the money I reckon I'd a little rather you'd steal it."

"All right, Jim, I'll steal it—but I'll have to wait until you close up your store."

"Hold on here, Bill—if you are figuring on stealing it from me, I guess I'd rather you'd borrow the money."

"All right, Jim, anyway suits me—loan me ten dollars."

"O, well, if you calculate to borrow it from me, why I reckon I'll be satisfied to wait until you earn it."

"Suits me all right, Jim. I'd just as soon earn it. So, Jim, I'll ask you to give me a job."

"O, pshaw, Bill! If you are wanting to earn that money by working for me, I guess you can owe it to me a little while longer."

NINETEEN-UGHT-EIGHT, TEN RINGS.

Hiram Braggmyer had been reading a magazine, when he remarked to his wife Mirandy:

"I see by the readin' in the magazine papers that some o' them inventin' chaps are gettin' us up a wireless tell-me-fone, without even any poles attached t' 'em. Won't that be great!"

Mirandy hesitated. Then answered, "Maybe 'twould be great, but I hope they won't do it 'cause if they haven't any wire nor no poles I reckon they'd have t' have more rings, and as we've already got ten rings t' our tell-me-fone, I'm feared that if we have t' have any more, I'll have to go t' school an' get a better education so's I can count 'em all."

Hiram laughed heartily. "I reckon that's about it; but they'd have their advantages, too. For instance, as I understand the readin' in the magazine papers, we gets a letter

to-day from our boy Bill, sayin' that he'd be home probably this evenin' on that seven-thirty train, an' that as soon as he got t' the station, he'd call up nineteen-ought-eight-ten rings, an' let us know that he'd come, so's we could hitch up old Maud an' come after him. Well, that's good, but now if we had wireless tell-me-fones he could've called us up on the train, so's we could've known an hour before he got here that he's comin', an' could've hitched up Maud and been at the depot by the time the train got there, you see."

"Yes, an' that bell ought t' be a ringin' right now," observed Mirandy, "for it's nearly eight o'clock, and that train is hardly ever late."

"That's right," agreed Hiram. "I don't see what the trouble could be. Surely Bill wouldn't stop an' go t' talkin' t' some o' his friends an' forgit about it."

Just at this moment the telephone bell began to ring. Hiram sprang to his feet and approached the box, counting, "One, two, three, four, five, six, sev—."

"Six," observed Hiram as he seated himself, "that's for the Jones'. They're havin' a heap a doin' at their place since their daughter Fushia's goin' t' git married t' that city chap. An' that's to-morrow, too, ain't it? Poor Fushia! She came mighty nigh being our daughter-in-law; an' she'd a married Bill, too, if her daddy hadn't gone an' spoiled it all by sendin' her off t' college, where she met that chap that's goin' t' be her husband to-morrow. Bill loved that girl and I recon he'll never love another."

Again the telephone bell rang. Hiram counted, "One, two, three, four. Say, Mirandy, six the other time an' four this time, makes ten, don't it? Guess I'll listen some."

Listen he did but only a moment. A smile played on his face as he returned to his seat. "Two women folks are talkin'," he said. "One says, 'I recon there wont be any weddin' at Jones' to-morrow, after all.' 'Why?' asks the other'n. 'Cause,' says the first woman, 'that seven-thirty

train has been wrecked, an' there was a young man on it that was killed, an' they think it's the young fellow that's comin' t' marry Fushia Jones'. I hope it's so. That's the best thing that's happened yet, sure."

"Why, Hiram, you oughtened to wish anybody bad luck."

"I ain't. It's the workin' o' Providence. That feller had no bizness fallin' in love with a gal that he knowed belonged t' somebody else. I say he ought not t' have done it, it served him right t' git killed, an' I am glad of it. Yes, mum. Now, maybe, our boy Bill will have a show. I believe Fushia will have him after all."

The telephone bell rang the third time. Hiram counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—Hurrah, that's for us!"

"Yes, sir, this is ten rings—an' have been a waitin' for ye."

"Yes, sir, we were sorter expectin' Bill on that seven-thirty train to-night."

"Yes, sir, I heerd that the train was wrecked."

"I heerd that too—that one young feller was killed."

"What ——!"

Hiram allowed the receiver to drop, as he staggered backward, regaining his equilibrium in a moment. He had received a shock.

"Mirandy! Mirandy!" he said, "I've got bad news for ye. Wipe away that smile and make room fer the tears, fer I know they're coming. The young man that was killed was our boy Bill."

A MAN AND HIS DOG.

One night the man dreamed that he was a dog. For some time he barked at the moon. Then he jumped over the fence and ran down the street, playing that he was a mad-dog, biting children and frightening grown people. After that

he ran out in the country and chased rabbits and chickens, and like Bill Nye's dog, "Entomologist," collected insects.

At the same time the dog dreamed that he was a man. He walked down the street smoking a pipe, entering a saloon on the first corner, where he joined a jolly good crowd and ate limburger cheese and drank beer until he felt like a jolly good fellow.

In the morning when the man awoke he said to his wife, "I've had one of the finest dreams I have ever had in my life. I was just enjoying myself royally. My, it was fine! If I ever have another dream like that I hope I'll never wake up."

When the dog awoke he felt pretty bad and upon meeting another dog, said: "Say, pard, I've had the awfullest dream I have ever had in my life. It was a regular night-mare. My, but I suffered. Why, I was leading a regular dog's life all night. If I ever dream like that again I hope I'll die before I wake up."

A BOY AND HIS HOBBY.

A Sunday school superintendent overtook a small boy riding a stick horse in one of the larger cities in Indiana.

"Taking a ride, are you, my little man?" asked the man.

"U-u-h! h-u-h! But, Mister, you oughter seen the stick horses I had when we lived in the country! They c'd run a heap faster'n this un."

"Do you ever go to Sunday school, my little man?"

"U-u-h! h-u-h! I go to Sunday school every Sunday. But, Mister, you oughter see my uncle's ponies. They ain't stick ponies at all; they're meat ponies. An' my! they can just fly."

"Do you like to go to Sunday school, my little man?"

"U-u-h! h-u-h! I like it fine. But, Mister, you just oughter see them ponies. When my uncle hitches 'em up and starts t' drive me an' ma out in the country, one can run

just as fast as the other, an' they both can run just as fast as they can, an' they make so much dust you'd think we wuz a sure-'nough train."

"Where do you go to Sunday school, my little man?"

"In the Cotton Mill Blocks. But, Mister, them ponies can sure fly. They're both twins, an' both look alike, so you can't tell which one's which; but their names is different."

"What do you learn in Sunday school, my little man?"

"O, just everything. But, Mister, them ponies"—

A ragman turned into the street with his "Rags! Rags! Rags!" The boy dropped his stick horse and ran to the ragman's cart, shouting: "Deggone, Mister; I've got some rags!"

THE LEGEND OF BIG CAVE.

Once upon a time Big Cave was not. That was long before Columbus discovered America—long before the Indians lived here. But once upon a certain time Big Cave came into existence. And this is how it happened.

But first of all let us take a look at the cave, which is nothing more than a large hole in the ground which takes one out of daylight into darkness. If it could take one into daylight again without bringing him back to the place he started from, it would be a tunnel. The mouth of Big Cave is wide and high enough to admit a large load of hay to drive in. About a hundred yards from the opening is a large lake, which is said to be bottomless. Whatever became of the bottom, no one knows. Once a visitor declared that it must have been utilized in covering the surrounding country with hills and knobs.

A few days before Big Cave came into existence there came the greatest giant the world has ever seen. He was taller than the Flatiron Building of New York, and carried a telegraph pole for a walking cane—or, to be more accurate, his walking cane was not exactly a telegraph pole, but

large enough to be used for that purpose. His voice was so strong that when he spoke the people living in China, Russia, and Japan could hear it thunder.

One day the giant suddenly realized that he was a great man. His first inclination was to fight the world. As there were no telephones in those days nor reduced night rates via Western Union, Mr. Whatever-His-Name was obliged to hallo his challenge. This he did. He shouted: "Fellow-giants and nations of the earth, you all know me. I am the greatest of all great giants. I feel my greatness more to-day than ever before, as becometh a great man of my proportions and unlimited strength. I want to fight, for I need exercise and recreation. I can whip the whole world with one hand and one eye shut. Here I come!"

His thundering voice struck a near-by bluff with such tremendous force that it knocked a large hole in it. This hole is now Big Cave. When the giant saw what he had done, he crawled into the hole to explore the greatness of his handy—no, mouthwork—and became fastened and starved to death.

Moral: When a man feels his greatness to such an extent that he will permit it to make a fool of him, it is time for him to crawl into a hole.

THE POLITICAL RECORD OF SQUIRE JOINES.

The first political convention in the campaign of 1908 was that of the Populists, in which Tom Watson of Georgia was nominated for President of the United States.

Squire Joines read about it, at once sold a pig and subscribed for Watson's papers, then sold another pig and bought some of Watson's books. He went up and down Yellow Creek for a month talking for Watson.

"I tell you," said he, "Watson's the man for me. Watson's a fine historian, a fine editor, and he'll make a fine president. I say, Hurrah for Watson."

The second convention was held by the Socialists. Eugene V. Debs was the choice of that convention.

Squire Joines sold a few dozen eggs at the One-Hoss Store and subscribed for "The Appeal to Reason," and then sold some more eggs and bought books on Socialism.

His neighbors were surprised when they learned of the Squire's conversion.

"Yes," he declared, "since I've been reading the Appeal I see where all of us poor fellers ought to vote for Debs. The Socialist party is the poor man's party, and I hope every last one of you down here on Yellow Creek will join in with me and help the poor man. Watson's all right, but Debs is better. Hurrah for Debs—he's the man for Joines."

Now it also happened that the Republicans had a convention in 1908, in which William Howard Taft was nominated.

Squire Joines heard about it, and decided, after reading the platform, that Republicanism suited him about right. So he sold a calf and subscribed for a Republican paper.

So the Yellow Creekers were surprised once more. Who ever saw such a versatile man as the Squire?

"The fact is," explained the Squire, "the Republicans have run the Government so long that they just naturally know how—and for a big man I guess Taft's it. So I'm going to vote for Taft if I lose every friend I've got."

The Democrats, too, had a convention that year. William Jennings Bryan was the man.

Squire Joines heard about that. He read the platform. Sold a cow and subscribed for Bryan's Commoner, and sent the remainder of the money to the Democratic campaign fund.

"Poor Bryan," he said, "has been running now the third time, an' he just ought to have it. My father was a Democrat, and so was my grandfather. I say, down with

the plutocrat and up with the Democrat. Hurrah for Bryan! Guess I'll vote for him."

Still another convention followed—that of the Prohibitionists. Squire Joines read about that, sold a horse, subscribed for the Patriot Phalanx, and began to talk Prohibition, offering no apology for his change, except that it would be time enough to elect Taft or Bryan after we get rid of the saloon.

However, after the conventions were over, Squire Joines cooled off somewhat and gave his neighbors a rest. But the strangest thing about it all was that when election day finally came Squire Joines did not vote at all.

THE YELLOW CREEK RAILROAD.

"When does this train leave?" I asked the conductor, whose name I understood to be E. H. Harriman—Everlastingly Hurryup Harriman.

"Just as soon as the engineer gets back from 'Squire Joines'," was the prompt reply. "He had to go over there to borrow a monkey wrench to tighten the smoke stack a little."

The engineer, whose name was J. J. Hill—Jumping Jackup Hill, came in due time—that is, in two hours and ten minutes, explaining to Conductor Harriman that the 'Squire had gotten started on talking about his stock and farm so that he just couldn't get away any sooner.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. The Yellow Creek Limited to four miles an hour was ready to start.

Bill Adkins ran up to the conductor and pulling him by the coat, said:

"I want to ride on this here train, Mister Conductor, but I don't know as I want any board. I brought a lunch with me."

"That's all right, sir," laughed the conductor. "Get right on, and we'll cut the wind."

The train had but one coach, and the coach had but two passengers. Adkins sat a few seats ahead of me.

"What's your destination, Mr. Adkins?" I ventured to ask.

Adkins seemed nonplussed for eight minutes, then brightened up. "I jes' 'lowed some fool feller 'd ask me that 'bout the time I got good an' started," he said. "Well, I reckon it's bout' the same as usual. I ain't noticed any difference, as I kin see. What's your'n?"

Seeing that my question had been misunderstood, I changed the subject, and also changed seats—taking one in front of Adkins so I could see his face better.

The conductor came by for tickets.

"I ain't got none," replied Bill Adkins, looking thru the window.

"Money'll do just as well," returned Conductor Harriman.

"Ain't got none o' that either—but I'm going to sell another one o' my shoats next week, I think, if nothing happens, and then I'll pay ye."

"All right," smiled the conductor, good naturedly. "I guess if the One-Hoss Store will sell you goods on credit we ought to sell you a ride on credit—tho I don't believe there's anything said about that in the book of rules."

The conductor left the car and took a position on the rear platform. I asked Adkins to excuse me and joined Mr. Harriman.

"How much mileage have you here?" I asked.

"Ten miles altogether," was the answer, "from terminal to terminus."

"How many trips do you make a day?"

"One."

"That all? What's the schedule?"

"Eight hours."

We were now getting out of sight of the terminal—or, it might have been the terminus. At any rate, it was at least half a mile away and could not be seen. I noticed that two dogs were trotting, sometimes walking, along behind the train, but always keeping up.

“Have you any idea whose dogs those are?” I asked.

“That biggest one,” replied Harriman, with enthusiasm, “belongs to me. I got ’er in a peculiar way. One day a stranger got on the train with a dog. He didn’t have any ticket, nor did he have a cent of money. He said that he would give me his dog for a ride. Seeing that I couldn’t get anything else, of course I took the dog. My policy is, if you can’t get what you want take what you can get. So I took the dog, and he’s one of the smartest dogs I’ve ever seen, too. The other dog is one of her pups and belongs to Engineer Hill.”

“Do they follow the train often?”

“Every trip we make. We’ve got them trained to that.”

“Any particular reason for it?”

“Oh, yes, you see we keep these dogs along to run the cattle off the track. We save many a delay that way. When there’s cattle on the track the engineer toots the whistle, and the dogs run ahead of the train and chase them off, so we don’t have to slack up any. That’s a great scheme of ours.”

At this point the train came to a sudden stand still.

“Cattle?” I ventured.

“No, here’s where we take water. We are crossing Yellow Creek.”

“Where’s the tank?”

“Don’t need any tank. We carry the water in buckets.”

THE LETTERS OF CAL. F. HEAD.

Introducing a Yellow Creek farmer who uses a dictionary and a typewriter.

YELLOW CREEK, July 1, 1908.

GENTLEMEN.

Dear Sir: I have been seeing your ad. about that safety-razor for a long time. Five dollars seems a big price, but I believe your safety-razor is all right. As I have been using an old premium razor for the past 30 years, during which time we have used the thing on hog killing days to scrape the hogs with, you'll believe me, I know, when I say that it's getting pretty dull. So I shall be pleased if you'll send me your famous safety-razor on 30 days' trial. If it gives satisfaction I'll remit \$4.50 at the end of the 30 days, as by that time it'll be a second-hand razor, and of course you couldn't expect me to remit the full price. If it doesn't give satisfaction I'll return it if you'll furnish the necessary stamps.

Yours for a shave,

CFH/CFH

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, July 10, 1908.

MR. W. H. TAFT, c/o MR. ROOSEVELT.

Dear Bill: We've got our crop laid by and need rain mighty badly. Some of the farmers around here that are reading the Woman's National Daily say you will be president and some say you won't. Some say Bryan will be elected and some say he won't. Now, there are a lot of us down here on Yellow Creek that are getting mighty anxious to know which one of you it's going to be, and we don't see a bit of sense in waiting until November to find out. So I

make a motion that we have the election right away, by the last of the month, anyhow, as I want to go away on a visit after that, and can't vote when I ain't here. I will write Mr. Bryan a letter like this as I am sure he is just as anxious to know who is going to be elected as I am.

Hoping you'll get your heads together and decide to have the election right away, I am—by the way, it's starting in to rain now.

Yours for an early election,

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, July 20, 1908.

Dear Farm Journal: I am thinking of going into the poultry business. As the chickens I intend to buy are young and have not had any experience in laying, I should like to get one of your books on Poultry Business. I want to take it and go into the chicken coop every evening as the hens go to roost and read them a chapter, so they will know what to do.

Yours affectionately,

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, Aug. 1, 1908.

HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN, LINCOLN, NEB.

Dear Mr. Bryan: I am highly pleased with that publicity plank that you folks put into the Democratic platform the other day, and I take pleasure in submitting my contribution of ten cents, which is as large as the hard Republican times will permit. When you make this contribution public please give my name in full.

Yours for Democracy,

CAL. F. HEAD.

P. S. I understand I will have to pay my taxes before I can vote this fall.

CFH/CFH.

YELLOW CREEK, Aug. 5, 1908.

Gentlemen: I saw your ad. and want one of those booklets which you say you will send for a stamp. Times are too hard to spend much money for stamps, so I am writing this on a post-card and enclose a stamp for the book. I have only licked the stamp half-way, as that is the only way it would hold on. If you have trouble getting it off please hold it over a steaming kettle. That's the way I do. I would write more, but this is all I can get on the card.

Yours for the booklet,

CFH/CFH.

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, Aug. 6, 1908.

Gentlemen: I am using the Safety-Razor right along and you may now cut that ad. out of the magazines.

Yours lovingly,

CFH/CFH.

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, Aug. 30, 1908.

Dear Uncle Sam: I see you've passed a law that newspapers shall not carry subscribers that haven't paid. Now, I wish to make a complaint. I am getting one paper that I don't get. Sometimes they miss two or three copies. It seems to me you ought to pass a law compelling them to send the papers that we do subscribe for. And there's another paper—a monthly, that keeps on a coming, altho I have written again and again to stop it, and my subscription has run out long ago. It seems to me to be a bad state of affairs when a man has to waste 50c. in postage to stop a ten-cent paper. Please see that the law is enforced.

Yours truly,

CFH/CFH.

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, Sept. 1, 1908.

Yellow Creekers Everywhere: I am writing this letter as a forerunner to let you know that I am getting up a scheme which will prove of great benefit to all who take advantage. I will put a big ad. in the county paper, which will explain all about it. I write you this letter so you'll be sure to look for the ad. This something is just what everybody on Yellow Creek needs. It will make the lean man fat, the fat man lean, the sick man well, the poor man rich, the thief honest. It will make the Republican stand up and shout for Taft, and it will make the Democrat send his dollar contribution to the headquarters of his party. It will make the hair grow again on the bald heads of the old men, and it will make the red hairs of the red-haired turn black. The ad. will tell all about it. Watch for the ad.

Yours truly,

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK, Sept. 15, 1908.

Yellow Creekers Everywhere: Thanks for your liberal response. As I've heard from every Yellow Creeker one way or another I guess I won't need to print that ad.

Yours happily,

CAL. F. HEAD.

YELLOW CREEK PHILOSOPHY.

To be happy keep your eyes on the things you already have instead of the things you want.

There is much in the world that is known, much that is not known, and much that is known that is not believed.

Some people always seem to know something which they have never told anyone.

The meaning of a woman's frown is often a mean husband.

Diogenes sought for an honest man with a lantern. To-day there are many honest men who would like to be found that the world might know of their honesty who are looking for a Diogenes.

Whether the odd-shaped object in the moon is a man or a woman, depends upon who is looking at the moon. When men look it is a woman; when women look, it is a man.

To some people the journey of life is full of mud holes. In trying to dodge one they run into another, and the one they run into is usually worse than the one they succeed in dodging.

Some cannot walk straight without watching their neighbors, and some without being watched by their neighbors.

Beginning on a small scale is a good weigh.

That man carries away the most fruit who puts under the tree of Life a step-ladder of faith and ascends to the top with a basket of hope.

Some men are lazy enough to sleep as long as Rip Van Winkle—if they only knew how it could be done.

Most farmers have their spring fever about the middle of the winter—when they begin to long for spring to come.

If you must speak ill of your neighbor, do it where only a mean man will hear it—that is, when nobody is around but yourself.

Speak the truth in your heart, and it will come out of your mouth. No man can think a lie part of the time and speak the truth all of the time.

Don't stop to think. Think without stopping.

Don't wait for opportunity to knock on your door. Hunt up opportunity and knock on hers.

There is a place for the man who can talk nonsense; for the man who can talk sentiment, and for the man who can talk wisdom—but there are fifty places for the man who can talk business.

Do not strive to be a second Washington, nor a second Webster, nor yet a second Lincoln, but rather strive to be a first somebody who has your own name.

Success comes to him who works for it as if he could not get it, and stays with the man who works with it as if he could not keep it.

Whether the man who parts with his money is a fool depends altogether on what he gets in return for his money.

The beginning of Folly—F, the beginning of Lunacy—L, with two nothings in the middle spells fool.

The man who is a fool to-day will be a fool to-morrow—unless he does something for it.

Some people can say more nice things about themselves in half an hour than all their neighbors could believe in a year.

A man should marry when he is young. Nobody likes an old bachelor as well as a young husband. The man who thinks he can save more money by himself is deceiving somebody who wears his own trousers. But the fellow who thinks there is no woman in his community good enough for him simply deceives a fool.

Don't borrow money from an unhealthy man—he might die before you get a chance to pay him back. Do not borrow money from a man who has a weak heart—he might drop dead when in after years you approach him with the intelligence that you have come to pay your debt.

To be popular with your friends dress as well as they do but do not dress better than they do. Never hang on the outside of yourself a lot of fine rags which are more valuable than the thing they hide. See to it that the matter in the clothes is worth more than the clothes, even if you have to wear a four-dollar-eighty-five-cent suit to do it.

If you must drink remember that the only difference between the man who fills himself with booze and the hog full of slop is that there is a market for the hog.

The liquor traffic is in its last struggle because men everywhere are coming to understand that they cannot have the Spirit of God in their heart and the spirits of the devil in their stomach at the same time.

There is no blue Monday to the man who makes his Sunday white.

The highest type of man is the self-made man. The lowest type is the whisky-made man.

When a man preaches the doctrine of sunshine he must practice the doctrine of sweat.

When a young man does not cultivate his brains the devil cultivates them for him and raises weeds.

Laziness affords a man time to meditate upon the various things he would like to have somebody do for him.

One of the best ways in the world to make folks look pleasant is to go about with a camera and offer to take their pictures.

The only kind of lying some people approve of is the kind their neighbors indulge in when they compliment or flatter them.

It is possible for an author to borrow so extensively that when he gets his article finished about all he can claim as absolutely his own is the paper upon which it is written.

Pay as you go; when you can, pay before you go; when you have to, pay after you go! whatever the circumstances, pay.

For every fault that you point out to your friend tell him of at least three good traits. If you cannot find that many good traits for every fault it will not do much good to mention the faults.

If you must fill your stomach with slop rather climb boldly into some man's pig-pen and stick your red nose into the trough and drink the pure stuff with real hogs, than to sneak into some saloon and there besot yourself with adulterated swill which will do you ten times more harm.

Budweiser, the "king of bottled beers," has not made any bud wiser.

The horse-trader who recommends his horse to be "as sound as a dollar" may mean a counterfeit dollar.

The man who wants to be idle always has an excuse. His way of putting the Lord's prayer would be—give us this day our daily "loaf."

Some men are as honest as the day is long, and as honest as the night is long after they go to sleep.

You can't put a bug in some people's ears until they have been humbugged.

You can keep your neighbor from bragging on himself so much by doing a little bragging on him yourself as you go along.

It is more difficult for the man who does his preaching first to practice up to his preaching than it is for the man who does his practicing first to preach up to his practice.

Think before you speak, while you speak, after you speak and whether you speak or not.

The medicine the well man takes to keep from getting sick never tastes as bad as the medicine a sick man takes to keep from dying.

Genius rises early. The other fellow doesn't rise at all—he merely gets up in time for breakfast.

The average man who prays, "Lead us not into temptation" means that that is something that he can get into without being lead.

Never talk about a thing you do not intend to do, nor do a thing you will be ashamed to talk about afterwards.

The man who has learned to read between the lines should practice the art of giving out ideas between his words.

It is fashionable in cities for a man to have his den. The den has long been a fad with the farmer, but his is a gar-den.

Simple interest is what we take in others; compound interest in ourselves.

Some people seem to be glad that they have no friends, and glad that they are not making any.

The cackling of the hen, the crowing of the rooster, the grunting of the swine, the lowing of the cattle, the barking of the dog, all blended into one harmonious melody, makes the sweetest music on earth, without which the farm would be like a stringless banjo in the hands of a music-loving darky.

The country, with its broad roads, comfortable houses, fruitful gardens and fresh air, offers the freest, sweetest, and most abundant life on earth, and he who is happy in the midst thereof is wise.

The great problem of the farmer is this—getting the crop out of the farm, getting the dollar out of the crop, and happiness out of the dollar.

The man who is always polite in public has done more or less practising at home.

There are some people so honest that they never deviate from the truth, except when the tax assessor calls.

The boy who is mean enough to tie a tin can to a dog's tail may himself have reason to howl before night comes.

There is a certain amount of fun in loving one's enemy—it worries the enemy.

A man and his frown are soon parted when the optimist comes on the scene.

Some men are as good as any under the sun, when they are under the sun, but their actions are questionable when the sun is under them.

As long as it seems easy for a man to do wrong it will be hard for his friend to do right.

Talk is cheap but some advice is worth a dollar a word.

Some men seem determined to be good while in church at least, even if they have to sleep to do it.

A man must die to get into the Hall of Fame of the New York University. The only other requirement is that he must have done something while he lived.

Some of our friends are mirrors in whom we see ourselves as we are, while in others we see ourselves as we might be.

If love were not blind, some men would never get a wife.

Some men eat with a coming appetite; some with an appetite that has already come.

Some men are content with what is coming to them, while others also want what they are going after.

Every man should point his toes toward success and take all of himself along as he travels in that direction.

When a salesman recommends a pair of shoes, or any article, as being exceptionally good, the purchaser should do his level best to make it all come true.

There are men who worship the dollar and then seem to think that other people ought to worship them for possessing the dollar.

Man would soon tire of looking at the beautiful if he never had anything else to look at.

Every man is created in the image of God, but some men have turned themselves over to the Devil for remodeling.

All the world loves the lover, but not the self-lover.

It would do the cat no good to be able to smell a mouse if the mouse were able to smell a cat.

Everybody should run for an office—to pay their taxes when they come due.

Young man, learn a lesson from the laying hen. She never does much cackling until she has done her laying.

The great trouble with some men who are imitating the postage stamps as stickers is that, like the one-cent stamp, they stick to something there is not much in.

For every poor man who seeks for food there is probably a rich man who seeks for an appetite. The poor man usually finds what he is looking for, but the rich man does not. It is better to have more appetite than food than to have more food than appetite.

Some men are a little below the angels, and some are just a little above the devil.

For every ounce of knowledge a man can get there remains a pound he cannot get. The wisest man on earth is densely ignorant. We are all ignorant—but most of us haven't found it out yet.

Anybody can love his enemy as himself when he is about half mad with himself; but when a man is dressed up in a new suit of clothes there is nobody on earth he loves half so well as the man he sees when he stands before a looking-glass.

For every man who can do things there are half a dozen men willing to pay for having things done. No man is excused from doing things unless he can pay for having them done. If he can do neither his particular line of work is to buy old rags or mend old umbrellas.

For every man who can fill an important place there are a half dozen important places to be filled, and for every little place there are a half dozen little men to fill it.

Twelve inches of curiosity make one foot of fool.

Do the very best you can to-day, and to-morrow imitate yourself.

Many a rich man wonders where the appetite for the next meal is to come from.

It is better to refer to the dictionary every time when you write a letter than not to know when to refer to it.

A man keeps bad company. Good company keeps the man.

The reason opportunity does not knock at some doors is that she finds them already open.

Always put your best foot forward, and be sure that the foot you hold back is just as good.

A man is sometimes known by the company that is trying to get away from him.

The Bible should be read a good deal on Sunday and practiced a good deal through the week.

Two-faced people are never double-brained.

When a minister begins to drive home the truth, there are always those in the congregation who would feel more comfortable if they could go home, too.

The only thing that can be said against some men is that they are poor, but most of them came by it honestly.

If it is a man's duty to go to church, there will be many who will have "sleeping on duty" charged against them.

You cannot go to Heaven on a nickel a week, if you have more to give. If you haven't, you can get through on less.

Every day will be Sunday by-and-by for the man who makes the proper use of his Sundays now.

It is better for people to wear long faces because they haven't any religion, than to wear long faces because they are afraid they would not be considered religious if they didn't.

The world owes every man a living. Every man owes the world a good life.

There are two sides to the saloon question—the side that wants to put down the saloon, and the side that wants to put down what is in the saloon.

When a man goes from bad to worse, the devil bids him farewell at one place and welcomes him at the other.

The telling of one little falsehood is all that is necessary to make a man a liar.

A light shower settles the dust, but a heavy rain settles in full.

A cheerful countenance is a good asset. A gloomy one is a backset.

The rooster crows early in the morning because he is an optimist. If he were a pessimist he would not crow at any time.

A mule puts his best foot forward in a backward way.

'Tis a dull farm whose grind-stone has no turning.

A boy's pranks are often the result of his boyishness getting out of way to make room for his manhood.

The time to forget your promises is after they have been fulfilled.

Man's first love—with which he never falls out—is himself.

Following the advice he gives to others leads a man to perfection.

Some men acquire knowledge from what they read, others get it altho they do not read, and still others have none altho they do read.

RHYMES AND JINGLES.

BEING IDENTIFIED.

I have just been up t' the city, like,
On a bizness trip, more or less;
I have seen them great, big, sky-scrapin' things—
An' everything else, I guess.
Well, sir, I stept into a clothin' house,
An' bargained for a daisy suit,
With some seventeen pockets inside an' out,
An' a pair o' gallesees t' boot.
But when I offered that clerk-feller a check
On the bank I have always relied,
He lookt me over an' smiled an' said,
" You'll have t' be identified."

" Is that so? " sez I, sort o' turnin' red,
An' also a smilin' some,
" My wife begged me t' do that very thing
'Fore I ever made up t' come."
So I hustled me off t' a barber shop,
For my hair did seem kind o' long,
An' had him shave the dirt an' whiskers off
An' put a little powder on.
Then I sailed back t' that feller's store
An' went a-bouncin' t' his side—
An' said, " Maybe ye don't hardly know me now,
Since I've had myself identified."

" That ain't what I meant at all," yelled he,
A-laughin' out loud, right thar,
" But I did mean for ye t' bring some man
As could inform me who ye are."

“ I’m Bill Jones,” sez I, “ an’ if ye don’t know,
Then it ain’t no fault o’ mine—
For my name’s been in the paper eight times—
With this trip it’s a-goin’ on nine,
An’ the whole county knows that old Bill Jones,
Ain’t gone away from home an’ lied.”
“ That’s all right,” sez he, “ but it ain’t bizness,
You’ll have t’ be identified.”

Now since I’m safely back at home again,
Beatin’ city life all t’ smash,
An’ the neighbors joined hands a-jokin’ me
’Count not takin’ plenty o’ cash—
I’m wonderin’, when my work on earth is done,
An’ the time’s come for me t’ die,
An’ I’ve made a bee-line for ’nother city
Somewhere beyant the elyshun sky ;
When at last I am at the gate an’ knock
An’ plead an’ beg t’ git inside—
Will good Saint Peter hesitate an’ say—
“ You’ll have t’ be identified.”

Then I would send for good old Parson Smith,
An’ let him help t’ pull me thru,
For he heard me pray in public once—
In fact, I think a time or two ;
Of course, I slept the most o’ preachin’ time,
Tho he could say that I was there—
But Saint Peter might hes’tate again, an’ say,
“ That ain’t bizness, that ain’t fair ! ”
Then let me so live that when my summons come
An’ I have laid me down an’ died—
I won’t have a bit o’ trouble then
A-havin’ myself identified.

ON A TWO-CENT FARE.

I ain't done no trav'lin'
T' amount t' much,
The fare has been t' high
Fer me t' touch;
But I've been layin' off
T' go somewhere,
Since now I kin travel
On a two-cent fare.

I'm goin' t' San Francisco,
An' swing on the Golden Gate,
I'll stop off in Utah,
An' see the Great Salt Lake;
I'll do the Yeller Stone Park
An' see them Guysers rare,
Fer now I kin go some
On a two-cent fare.

I'll fly t' New Orleans
When Mardee Graw comes 'roun',
I'll stop off in Kaintuck
By that hole in the groun';
I'll run t' ole Virgin',
Cross the nat'ral bridge that's there,
An' travel like a gentleman
On a two-cent fare.

I'll jump t' Chiggargo,
T' hear the wind a-blowin',
I'll jump agin t' New York,
Jes' t' be a-goin';
I'll take in Bosstown, too,
Fer I cert'nly do declare
A feller oughter scoot some
On a two-cent fare.

It ain't what y' make, nohow,
But what y' save all the while,
An' here I'll save a dollar
Ev'ry hundred mile;
So I'll keep on movin'
Till I've been ev'rywhere,
Then go home an' be content
On any kind o' fare.

Mary has a little lamb,
And that's what pleases Mary so,
For she washes it in Yellow Creek
Till its fleece is white as snow.

LET 'ER GO!

Well, wife, I've said I'd sign th' pledge,
An' I reckon it's now I will,
For they tell me th' Leg'slater
Has pass'd th' State-wide bill;
Which means th' s'loon it's a-goin',
An' tho t' some it's a blow,
'Bout all I've got t' say is,
All right, boys, let 'er go!

I've spent much time at the Red Light,
When I oughter o' been at home;
A-drinkin' with my good comrades
An' a-leavin' you all alone.
But now since th' place it's a-goin',
I'll stay home o' nights, ye know,
An' maybe I won't care so much
That th' s'loon has had t' go.

I've spent much cash at th' Red Light,
That I oughter o' spent, I guess,
A-buyin' yo' some new fixin's,
Er maybe some shoes er a dress.
But th' curse at last's a-goin',
So, wife, you'll now git yo'r show,
An' maybe we'll both be tickled
That th' s'loon has had t' go.

Down town there's a heap o' shoutin',
By th' folks that holds it's right,
An' them as thinks it ain't, maybe,
Are 'bout riled enuff t' fight.
O, look out th' winder, yonder,
See those chaps freezin' thru th' snow?
'Twas their dad they shot in Mike's s'loon—
So I sez, boys, let 'er go!

This old world's gittin' wiser some,
An' maybe, too, much better ;
Anyhow, she's turning dryer,
An' nowhere's any wetter.
Yep, th' s'loon it's sure a-goin',
An' I'm thinkin', wife, do ye know,
T' jes' jine hands with th' crowd
That's makin' 'er pull out an' go.

CORN SHUCKIN' TIME.

Dear old summer's a-biddin' adieu ;
An' nature's a-puttin' on a golden hue ;
An' by the rooster's crowin', the hen's cackle ;
The bleatin' o' the sheep, the lowin' o' the cattle ;
The barkin' o' the dog, the gruntin' o' the swine ;
You can tell that it's corn shuckin' time.

Hunt the file an' whetstone, sharpen up the pins ;
Get a saw an' hammer, straighten out the bins ;
Buy a box o' axle grease, dob it on the trucks ;
Patch out the " end gates," put the " side-boards " up.
Call in the mules an' drive 'em " down the line,"
Don't you hear them brayin'?—" It's corn shuckin' time."

Get out an' hustle, boys, never mind the frost ;
Keep up the " down row," let not an ear be lost ;
Sail 'em in the wagon, pile 'em way up high ;
You'll drive in with your " forty " bye an' bye ;
Hollow " hoo-a-hoo-a-hoo! "—yell it out sublime,
Let the country know that it's corn shuckin' time.

Now I'm in my glory, feelin' best of all ;
Never feel that way, 'ceptin' of a fall ;
When the table's laden with fruits the summer bore,
An' a feller feels like eatin' more an' more, an' more.
You fellers in the city, your lot's nuthin' side o' mine,
Down here in the country when it's corn shuckin' time.

CHILDHOOD'S SPRINGTIME.

The sun's peepin' fru the popla's,
An' jes' a laffin at me,
But I ain't doin' t' dit up, I ain't,
'Till Ma kums in t' pat me.

I jes' like t' lay here an' lis'n
T' the noise and ev'rythin'
'At the cat'l an' hogs 's makin'
'Cause they'so awful dlad it's sprin'.

An' the birds 's all a-twitter'n,
An' the hired han's 's hummin',
But I'se dot up 'is very minit,
'Cause I hear my Ma kummin.

“ Why, Ma, I’s e up a’ ready,” I say,
An’ dit the duds t’ dedder,
N’n Ma looks in t’ the door an’ say,
“ Lazy bugger! You’d better!”

Pa say he ’spects I’s e dot sprin’ fever,
O me, but I’s e ruther not,
’Cause I had a case o’ fever wunce
An’ the dokter kum a lot.

But Pa say if I’ll pile up sum wood
Why, I’ll keep well ev’ry day;
So ’spect I’ll help Pa jes’ a li’l
An’ keep the ol’ dokter ’way.

BROWNING.

Altho ’tis dressed in Browning style,
In obscure rhyme, and all that!
And you have to stop and think awhile,
A thot’s a thot for all that,
For all that, and all that:
A Browning thot, tho e’er so obscure
Is a king of thots for all that.

There was a young farmer whose pay was good;
He did everything the best way he could:
He rolled up his sleeves
Half way to his knees,
And beat everybody in the neighborhood.

I did a good deed to-day;
The joy of it lingers still.
I could do another to-morrow,
And I rather think I will.

When the days are sort o' dark like,
An' the sun won't shine at all;
When the whole thing's kind o' puzzlin',
An' your prospects 'r' awful small;
When perplexities keep comin'
'Till all hope's skipt out an' gone,
Then jus' settle down t' bizness
An' go on a-goin' on.

The tune of life we play,
With just one note to-day
And another one to-morrow;
Some of the notes are glad
And some of them are sad,
But there is more joy than sorrow.

'Tis far better to pray,
I say!
Before the thing is begun
Than do it in such a way,
I say!
You'll need to pray when 'tis done.

There was a young farmer whose name was Brown,
He packed up his trunk and he moved to town;
There came a panic that gave him alarm;
So he packed his trunk and came back to the farm.

Let the merchant advertise,
The farmer fertilize,
The minister spiritualize,
And the lawyer talkolies.

A farmer who belonged to the smart set,
On running his farm had his heart set,
 A man came to buy,
 The farmer said, "I
With this farm am not ready to part yet."

"Hitch your wagon to a star,"
 And without any braggin'
Let the world know
 That you are in the wagon.

There is a certain Line,
Trains running all the time
Work-train the only kind.
Paystation at all the bends,
Success—the journey ends,
Depot crowded with friends.

Lives of drunk men all remind us
 We should oust the traffic quick.
And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints everywhere we kick.

There was a young woman named Henderson
Who didn't know where to send her son,
 The panic was on,
 Her money was gone,
And nobody would lend her some.

ON WALKING.

Seems to me that anybody would
Want to walk when the roads are good ;
There's time enough to ride, I claim,
When the roads get bad again.

Pessimist says he wouldn't walk,
Unless, perchance, the mule should balk ;
He says because the roads are wide,
Would show that they were made to ride.

Optimist thinks the best thing on earth
Is to stretch his legs for all they're worth ;
He says he is glad that the roads are wide,
So folks can walk there side by side.

Tell you, tho, of a thot I have had
About this very walking fad—
I think walking is just simply fine,
If you don't take too much at a time.

THE LAUGH-MAKING MAN.

There's the half of a laugh
In his bad,
For the whole of his soul
Is but glad.
There's a smile worth the while
In his past,
There's a mirth in the earth
That will last.
Here and there, everywhere
In the land,
There's a laugh for the laugh-
Making man.

There's a fun that will come
 When he's gay,
With a sweet that will keep
 All the day.
There's a measure full of pleasure,
 Tho he's poor,
There's a thrill for each ill
 That will cure.
Here and there, everywhere
 In this land,
There's a laugh for the laugh-
 Making man.

THE OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

Lots o' fools 't seems t' me,
 Pessimistic all the day—
Takes a man with sense, I guess,
 T' be t'other way.

Pessimist he says he thinks
 All is black as sin—
An' I reckon it does
 Look that way t' him.

He believes that all the good
 Has a bit of taint,
An' not a soul is honest,
 Just because he ain't.

He thinks that only bad
 Ever comes to pass,
An' everybody's got dispepsia
 Just because he has.

An' then he thinks he thinks
That it's everybody's biz,
T' be a great big dunce
Just because he is.

Lots o' fools, 't seems t' me,
Pessimistic all the day—
Takes a man with sense, I guess,
T' be t'other way.

ANTE-DINNER PHILOSOPHY.

Doan' yo' wish yo' eyes wuz keener,
So's yo' c'd see what de folks all do,
An' what yo' see dey all a-doin',
Yo' sho' 'nuff see plum froo an' froo?

Doan' yo' wish yo' ears wuz sharper,
So's yo' c'd hear what de folks all say,
'Cause what yo' hear dey all a-sayin',
Sho' nuff keep yo' laughin' all de day?

Doan' yo' wish yo' laigs wuz longer,
So's yo' c'd run froo de darkes' holler,
Lak' a gang o' mules a-scootin'
Dat no ghos' ain' gwine t' foller?

Doan' yo' wish yo' hands wuz stronger,
So's yo' c'd do de work o' ten,
An' de boss he raise yo' sal'ry,
'Bout de time he bounce de other men?

Doan' yo' wish no sich foolishness,
But min' what I tells you, nigger,
Yo' put in all yo' time a-wishin'
Dat yo' stumick hit wuz bigger.

RHYME OF A DOZEN.

One step at a time,
That's the way we must walk ;
One word, then another,
That's the way we must talk.

Two eyes, wide open,
That's the way we must learn ;
Two hands quite busy,
That's the way we must earn.

Three meals every day,
That's the way we must live ;
Three dollars a pair
For good shoes we must give.

Four horses to work,
That's the way we must farm ;
Four in the morning,
Sometimes set the alarm.

Five o'clock, daylight,
To breakfast we must go ;
Five cents a yard
We must pay for calico.

Six days in the week,
We must stop working then ;
Six cows to milk
Morn, and at night again.

Seventh day at last,
We must rest, read and pray,
And like a good Christian
Enjoy the whole day.

Eight hours to sleep,
Rainy mornings add a half;
Eight dollars to get
For our every veal calf.

Nine is the number
Of little pigs often found;
Nine cents, a good price,
For the old hens per pound.

Ten ears of corn
To the horse must be fed;
Ten o'clock at night
All must be in the bed.

Eleven, nearly noon,
Don't let dinner be late;
Eleven bee hives,
My! the honey they'll make.

Twelve short hours,
And the day has been run;
Twelve short months,
And another year is done.

HOW TO TELL THE NEWS.

When you hear a bit of news that is good—
News that would make me smile if I knew it;
Just come to me as quickly as you can,
And I won't care if you add something to it.

When you hear a bit of news that is bad—
News that a lesson you think might teach me;
Just come to me as slowly as you can,
And try to forget the worst ere you reach me.

JUST THINKING.

Jes' a-thinkin', jes' a-thinkin',
'Bout de good times we'se had,
T' fergit 'em, I'm a-thinkin',
'D be a heap too bad.

Jes' a-thinkin', jes' a-thinkin',
'Bout de good times dat's t' come,
So's t' be ready, I'm a-thinkin',
Fer t' enjoy de fun.

A TUNE TO WHISTLE.

Play me a tune dat's new, Boss,
One I kin whis'le;
A sho' 'nuff tune dat'll do, Boss,
Jes' fo' t' whis'le.

All de tunes dat I kno', Boss,
Will do t' whis'le;
So I wants mo' tunes dat'll go, Boss,
Fine fo' t' whis'le.

LIVING LIKE A WHITE MAN.

De sun keep on a-shinin',
An' de wint'r wood am cut;
De hick'ry nuts bin gether'd,
An' dun piled up in de hut.
De panic hit am ovah,
An' dis am what I 'low—
I'm mighty nigh a-livin'
Like a white man now.

De chickens dey am scratchin',
An' a-layin' now an' then ;
De hawgs dey am a-fattenin',
An' a-gruntin' in de pen.
De panic hit am ovah,
An' dis am what I 'low—
I'm mighty nigh a-livin'
Like a white man now.

De apples dey am ripen'd,
An' dey am mighty mellah ;
De taters am all dug, sah,
An' a-fillin' up de cellah.
De panic hit am ovah,
An' dis am what I 'low—
I'm mighty nigh a-livin'
Like a white man now.

LEARN TO LAUGH.

If you haven't laughed to-day,
You had better laugh right now,
Lest some day you will want to
And won't remember how.
When you meet a thing that's good
Enough to laugh about,
Don't smile or smirk or giggle—
But ha ! ha ! ha ! right out.

When you have learned the art,
No matter what goes wrong,
You'll know just how to laugh
Till all your trouble's gone.

And when there's something bad
Enough to make you pout,
You won't frown or worry,
But ha! ha! ha! right out.

The man who is getting better,
And happier, too, by half,
Is the man who doesn't smile
When he owes the world a laugh.
Heaven is a laughter-land
We don't know much about,
Except that the folks up there
All ha! ha! ha! right out.

THE YELLOW CREEK HUMORIST IN PUBLIC.

A NEW NAME FOR "SUNSHINE" HAWKS.

When William J. Burtscher introduced "Sunshine" Hawks to a Tennessee audience recently he gave him a new name. As Mr. Hawks had spent a week in the town, giving most of the audience an opportunity to meet him personally, the name was favorably received. This is the introduction:

"Four years ago I heard Mr. Hawks deliver his famous lecture on 'Sunshine and Shadow.' I enjoyed it to such an extent that for the hour I forgot that I owed any man a dollar. Bill collectors might come on the morrow, as they had the day before, but I knew it not, and cared not. As I enjoyed the sensation of being square with the world, when the opportunity came two years later to hear Mr. Hawks a second time I was in the audience. And to-night, as I am still owing those same old debts, I shall be happy once more. It affords me pleasure to present to you a man who, during the few days he has been in our midst, we have learned to love as a friend, a brother, a father, and whose character is so sweet that I must call him 'Honey-shine' Hawks."

INTRODUCING HAL MERTON.

W. J. Burtscher, of Ruskin, Tennessee, writing to his friend, A. W. Hawks, whom he addresses as "Dear Daddie Hawks," tells of his introducing Hal Merton—an introduction which our readers will enjoy.

"We had Hal Merton, the magician, with us the other night. At the eleventh hour I was asked to introduce him.

If it will not bore you I will tell you what I said: 'We are glad to see so many of you out—though I am sorry you are not out more than twenty-five cents, for the entertainment is worth it. There is only one dry part in the entertainment and that is the introduction, which is now being made. We have heard Luther P. Manship, who talked to us about the darky; we have heard Sunshine Hawks, who talked to us about the dark and bright sides of life; we have heard Dr. Lin Cave, who talked to us about Robert E. Lee; we have heard Prof. Cornelius, who talked to us about one thing and another—and to-night we have with us one who is to talk to us about'—here I turned to look at Mr. Merton, then I took out of my pockets one of his folders, looked through it, and then looking at the clock, said—'he is to talk to us about an hour. It affords me pleasure (they all say that, don't they?) to introduce the greatest magician; the greatest juggler, which does not mean to perform with jugs; the greatest legerdemainist, which does not mean to perform with one's legs; the greatest pres—a word which it takes the average person about three hours to pronounce—pres-tidigitator, which means to compress, express and depress with a "git there gait"; the greatest ventriloquist—who has ever visited Ruskin—Mr. Merton.'

HE MAKES RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That I will be 'myself, wholly myself, and nobody but myself.

That I will practice the habit of early rising, hard early thinking, and much early working.

That I will read a chapter in the Bible before breakfast and live one afterwards.

That I will do more or less thinking on my feet during the day, and also a certain amount of thinking on my knees.

That I will be an optimist every hour in the day.

That I will depend on most of my happiness to come from making others happy.

That I will smile more and frown less, think more and talk less, praise more and scold less.

That I will listen attentively to at least one sermon per week, even if I have to preach it myself.

That I will take time to look after my health while it is good to keep myself from getting sick; and should any of my neighbors get sick I will make it a point to visit them often.

That I will read these resolutions at least once a month; and when I find that I have broken one, I will at once proceed to patch it up.

HE TELLS A STORY.

William J. Burtscher told the following story at the West End bazaar the other evening, and it created a storm of laughter:

“A farmer came to town driving an old mule. Not knowing he could water him at the public trough, the farmer drove his mule down into the river to quench his thirst. When through drinking the mule squatted down and rolled over several times, getting mud all over him.

“As the farmer was driving up Main street a newsboy was coming down the street with a bunch of papers under his arm, crying: ‘Courier! Courier!’ The boy offered to sell the farmer a paper. ‘Courier, Mister?’ he asked. The farmer replied: ‘Not now, sonny, but you jest wait till I get home an’ I’ll curry her with a club.’”

AS A LECTURE-ENTERTAINER.

Prof. Wm. J. Burtscher, instructor in Ruskin-Cave College, and editor-lecturer, is one of the most original humorous lecturers in the field to-day. Mr. Burtscher has never

identified himself with any lecture bureau for the reason that he had a good income from other sources—enough to keep him going—and lectured more for his own personal gratification than anything else. In fact he himself didn't think much of his lectures.

His friends are now urging him to go on the platform as a professional lecturer. He is young and gives excellent promise of a brilliant future. His local popularity is firm. No greater compliment could be paid a lecturer than to say that his crowds are largest and most enthusiastic where he is best known. This holds good in Prof. Burtscher's case here at Ruskin, he having appeared before the student body of Ruskin-Cave College time and time again in deference to their repeated calls (and they do say that college people are the hardest class on earth to suit) and each succeeding appearance drew a larger crowd and elicited heartier applause.

Ruskin, Tenn., 6-11-'08.

R. J. KELLY.

INCIDENTS OF HIS FIRST LECTURE TOUR.

At Chrisney, Ind., my audience was small on account of the bad weather. In my opening remarks I said: "The rain need not bother us. I always could sleep best when it rained. So if any of you are in the habit of sleeping in church, you will find the rain to your advantage."

This small audience was composed of people who had worked so hard during the day that they could not walk to the front seats. They were evidently so tired that they were glad to drop into the first vacant seat near the door. The pastor had given them an invitation to come forward. Only a few responded. I added, "It would be an injustice to me for you folks back there to stay back there. From where you are you will think I am good looking, and you will go about town to-morrow, saying that I was a good-looking man."

Now, if you will come to the front where you can see my features better you will not commit such a sin."

"Where do you go from here?" asked a man after the lecture in Chrisney.

"I am going to Dale," I replied. Dale was eleven miles away.

"That's the nearest to nothing of any town I ever saw," remarked the man.

I found Dale a beautiful little town, especially when compared to Chrisney. I told the above estimation of their town to my audience and added: "I have no idea what the man meant, unless he meant that Chrisney is 'Nothing' and Dale is near to it."

In a small town in Indiana I took a walk after supper. I met a farmer who asked:

"Are you the feller that's goin' t' lecture here t'night?"

"Yes," I answered, "come out and I'll put you to sleep."

"Well, sir," answered the man with a laugh, "that would not be very hard to do."

I was walking up Franklin street in Clarksville, Tenn. My attention was drawn to a barber on the opposite side who was motioning for me to pay him a visit. I will confess that my hair was somewhat long, but it is such beautiful hair—so my wife and friends tell me—that I always let it grow as long as the public will stand, but when small boys begin to point their fingers at a man, and greet him as "Reub," and the barbers begin to throw gestures in his direction, then it is about one and a half months past the time when he should have had his hair cut. So I took the hint and stepped into the man's shop.

"You think my hair needs cutting, do you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply, "that's why I beckoned to you."

"I am very particular about my hair," I remarked as I seated myself, "I want you to trim it the least bit, so that after you are thru, nobody will be able to tell that my hair has been cut."

"Yes, sir," replied the barber as he began on the job. He was a very quiet man for the profession. I finally observed:

"You do not talk much. I have always heard that barbers were great talkers."

He was silent longer than I wanted him to be. I began to fear that he did not intend to answer.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I don't believe in boring my customers. Most barbers talk too much. A fellow can't do a good job on a man's hair and talk too much. Many years ago, when pompadour was the style, I had a rear chair in a certain shop. A man entered who wanted to know if there was a man in that shop who could do a first-class job on a pompadour. He was directed to my chair. I never said a word to the man, but did my best. As the man went out he was asked how he liked the work. 'I am well satisfied,' he said, 'but that's the first deaf and dumb barber I ever saw.'"

The man did so well that I complimented him. "You see," he assured me, "I put my whole attention to your hair. If I had talked, too, I would have cut off too much."

Here is a lesson from the silent barber, A. W. Firse, 133 Franklin street, Clarksville, Tenn. You cannot be a good talker and a good barber too. Let us talk less and do more.

I was pleasantly entertained by Rev. Cal Richardson, of Opdyke, Ill. Bro. Richardson is a Missionary Baptist and a capital story teller. He told of a revival meeting which was being held in a small town in Illinois, where it seemed hard to keep order. The boys would disturb the meeting in some way almost nightly. One night while the minister was preaching one rowdy began to dance a jig on the front steps.

"Won't some brother go out there and ask those boys to behave themselves?" inquired the preacher.

"I do not think there is any use," replied Bro. Richardson, rising, "anybody mean enough to do that wouldn't have sense enough to know what you meant if you asked them to behave themselves."

Here is another of Bro. Richardson's stories. He had been preaching from the text, "Bridle your Tongues." That night several bridles were stolen, upon which Bro. Richardson remarked: "Somebody seems to have misunderstood my sermon, 'Bridle your Tongues.' They must have thought they would need horse bridles to bridle their fool tongues with."

While in Cannelton, Ind., I heard of a man who after swallowing a few drinks of whiskey whipped his mother-in-law. The town wag remarked that that particular brand of whiskey is guaranteed to make a man walk five miles just for a chance to throw a rock at his mother-in-law. That is the best the devil can do for a man. When God intoxicates a man he will want to walk five miles to do his mother-in-law a favor.

I left Cannelton on a real "Accommodation" train. Between stations we came to a sudden stop and backed up some hundred yards. An accident? Yes, a man had stuck his head out of an open window and lost his hat. The flagman jumped off, recovered the hat and handed it to the delighted owner.

McCutchanville, Ind., gave me the largest and most enthusiastic audience of the trip. I was so pleased with the response that I remarked at the close that I should be pleased if I could take the crowd with me from town to town. This was an ovation.

The smallest and sleepest audience was composed of colored folks. This was an innovation.

At Evansville, Ind., I met Ernest Charles House, editor of *Progress Magazine*, Indianapolis. Mr. House is a brilliant young man. Of all he said I remember best his definition of greatness. It is this: "Greatness is simplicity educated."

While in the vicinity of Mt. Vernon, Ill., I was told the following story of a young man who had gone to the polls to vote for the first time. "Say, you fellers, you'll have to show me how to vote," he said, "this is my first time." "What's your name?" asked the clerk. "Jenkins, sir." "What are your initials?" "Sir?" "What are your initials?" "Straight Democratic!"

At Dale, Ind., a young lady offered to take my picture with a camera. I objected on the ground that it might break the camera. She said: "I guess not. The other day I took a donkey's picture with it and didn't break it."

One of the most pleasant days I spent at Clifton, Tenn., which is located on the Tennessee River. While this is a small town, yet there were at least seven or eight hundred people—who did not attend the lecture.

At Johnsonville, Tenn., I met the notorious Ike Snort, who has been writing humorous letters for the larger dailies for the past fifteen years. At Huntingdon, Tenn., I met the author of the widely copied "Hogwallow Happenings."

That's all for the present. Perhaps more later. The tour has been profitable to myself, and I hope to others. I had at least \$50,000.02 worth of fun and something like \$200,000.01 worth of experience.

HEARD IN HIS LECTURES.

In its first stages love is blind. Of course, it is blind. If it were not, one-half of the men would be unable to get wives—one-half of the married men of this audience would be old bachelors. In its second stages love gets its eyes opened. That occurs after marriage. Then the man sees in the woman what he thought was there, and the woman sees in the man what she hoped was there. Love is the sweetest, the happiest, the sublimest when it has its eyes open.

The honeymoon is much like the moon in the skies—there is a man in it, and there is a woman in it. In fact, you could not have a honeymoon without these two ingredients—one to furnish the honey and the other to furnish the m-m-money.

Another thing about the honeymoon, it rises in the evening of man's courtship, and according to the dictionary is supposed to set at the end of the first month after marriage, but according to the way some married people live it does not end at all. If this were true with all marriages, whether timely, untimely, or second timely, most of our divorce lawyers would starve to death before three o'clock in the morning. If I were asked for a scientific and scholarly reason for the extensive number of divorces in this country to-day I should answer without hesitation—too much spooning before marriage and not enough after. The sweetheart of yesterday should be alive in the husband of to-day. He should tell his wife at least once a year that he loves her—the wedding anniversary would be a good time—for those wonderful words, "I love you," will start two hearts to beating as one, and the frequent repetition of such words will keep them beating as one.

You can always tell a farmer—especially if you have something good to tell him.

I have known farmers to get their cabbage heads together, and prick up their corn ears, until their toes would stick out. I mean their pota-toes and toma-toes.

Doctors live by keeping other people from dying. Of course, when the people die anyhow—the doctor lives anyhow. His business seems to be to make it easy for us to come into the world, and easy for us to go out.

Lawyers live by keeping other people out of trouble, or keeping them in it. There are lawyers who have never told a lie, and there are lawyers who cannot remember when they told the first one.

Teachers live by making lives. A teacher is always the smartest man in the schoolhouse. He must be a walking encyclopedia of the latest edition in the greatest number of volumes—bound in calf.

A teacher's life is not without a humorous side, a pathetic side, and that side of a boy's trousers known throughout all schooldom, no matter how dumb, as the West side—the side the little son sets on.

A man should marry when he is young. Nobody likes an old bachelor as well as a young husband. The man who thinks he can save more money by himself is deceiving somebody who is wearing his own trousers. But the fellow who thinks there is no woman in his community good enough for him simply deceives a—fool.

A boy slipped up behind a sleeping cat to catch it—and he got it. Then he shouted to his playmates: “Come here, boys, quick, and help me turn this cat loose.” He wanted to be turned loose from the cat. Young man, do not stick to a bad habit so long that you cannot turn loose of it because it won’t turn loose of you.

There was a time in my life when I thought I could write poetry. Accordingly I allowed my hair to grow for several years without having it cut. At length it became so long that it was regarded as a public nuisance. Our city council held a protracted meeting and appointed a committee of eight men to wait on me and inform me that it would be necessary for me to have my hair cut or I would get myself into undesirable notoriety. As I had made up my mind on becoming a poet I refused to comply with such a request. The men picked me up bodily and carried me to the nearest barber shop, and I want to say to you that it required four strong men to hold me in that chair while the ordeal was in progress. It made me mad. I said I never would write any more poetry. That you may know what the world of literature has lost—or gained—by this rash act of our city council, I will read a few of my poems.

The first time I took part in a public debate I opened with this remarkable statement: “Mr. President, honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen,” and then I took my seat without making a single point. But now I can take part in any kind of a debate, and talk a whole hour—without making a single point.

Sing in the morning, sing at noon, sing at night—sing a song of sunshine, practice what you sing. Of course, if you cannot carry a tune, because your knowledge in music is

limited—sing anyway. Sometimes the man who knows the least about music is the best singer. That is quite true about myself, at any rate. I can sing. When I join in the singing at church everybody looks at me with wonder and astonishment. People are actually surprised, for they do not hear such singing every day. Why, the first time I made application to join a fashionable church several of the members objected and said they would never consent to a man like that being admitted to their church unless he would sign a pledge never to join in the singing. According to an old proverb, he who sings drives away sorrow, but when I sing I drive away my friends in sorrow.”

And speaking about clothes—it is an easy matter for some men to love their neighbor as well as themselves until they are dressed up in a new suit—then there is no one on earth that they love half as well as they do the man they see when they stand before a looking-glass. A new suit has a great effect on a man. I shall never forget the first time I had the pleasure of buying a new suit all by myself. I found out later, however, that the only thing new in that bargain was the poor boy who did the buying. That suit had been in that store ever since Abraham Lincoln was a boy—but I didn't know it. The Jew who sold me the suit did not mention that to me. The tags, I found, had been sewed on much tighter than the buttons. When I called on my sweetheart the next Sunday I did more or less sighing, and every time I sighed a sigh I sighed a button from my vest.

“I have had something on my breast a long, long time,” I began, “that I must tell you about. I can wait no longer. You must know what it is.” (Sigh.)

A button tore itself from my vest and joyfully rolled over the floor, much to my embarrassment. But I was not to be discouraged by a little thing like that.

"You must have known it all along—I love—I love—(sigh)—Buttons." Two tore themselves away that time, one hitting her on the chin. But I was not to be discouraged by a little thing like that.

"I must have an answer now—oh, please do not hold me in suspense—will you be my—(sigh) buttons." Not a single button was left.

"No, no, never!" she cried, "not if I am to look after all your buttons."

Thus it happened that I remained single a few years longer. It is often necessary for a man to make a big failure in order that he may wind up with a big success.

The great pride which springs up in the father heart of man on the day his first son or daughter comes into the home must be somewhat akin to the great joy which welled up in the father heart of God on the day when he turned Adam and Eve loose in the Garden of Eden.

If a father's happiness may be based on the number of children he has, then the happiness of God must be so great that only a god can endure it. If one man were the father of all the people—all the children in this audience, the happiness would be so great that it would kill him—or hunger would.

The first great problem which confronts the happy father and mother is what to name the little fellow, altho there are various sources from which to select names—the Bible, the dictionary, and the telephone book.

The second great problem that confronts the happy parents is how to keep from loving the baby more than each other.

I imagine the joy of the grandfather must be double to that of the father. Man is now in the evening of his glory on earth, and in the morning of his glory in heaven. The sun is never so beautiful as when it rises in the morning, which is typical of man's childhood, when he rises into the world; nor is the sun ever so beautiful as when it sets in the evening, which is typical of man's second childhood, when he sinks out of the world.

The greatest and most progressive member of the human body is the heart, and it is therefore the hardest to satisfy. In the beginning, as it begins to grow, it is content to love father and mother; then it grows a little larger and a little wiser, and it must have playmates to love; again it grows larger and wiser, and must have a teacher and friends to love; still it grows larger and wiser, and is satisfied with nothing less than a sweetheart to love; then it still grows larger and wiser, and must have a wife to love—when it would seem that the heart of man is as large as it will ever get, and that he would be content forever; but it grows larger and wiser, and must have a child to love; still it grows larger and wiser, and longs for children to love; then it grows a little larger and a little wiser, and must have grandchildren to love; and then it grows still larger and still wiser, and must have Heaven itself to love.

This country is going dry, and as it is going dry four classes of men are affected:

First, the man who does not drink. He will be so elated over the advent—or the fact that the bad went—that he will

cheer so loudly that the man in the moon will hear him, and he will toss his hat up in the air so high that it will never come back, and he will be obliged to go down town and buy another on credit. This man can always get credit. Not a store in the city that would not be glad to give him credit for anything from a baby-rattler to a piano, from a wheelbarrow to an automobile. This man allows his wife to handle the purse, sometimes known as the pocket-book. Every man who does that is happy. I allow my wife to handle the pocket-book right along. No, you are mistaken, that isn't why we are so poor. That is why we haven't gone to the poorhouse. Young man, when you marry, let your wife handle the pocket-book, and see to it that there is always something in the pocket-book, and she will be happy ever after. Young lady, do not marry the man who will not allow you to handle the pocket-book. After he has turned it over to you, keep him busy keeping it filled—and he will be happy ever after.

Second, it affects the man who drinks moderately, and who will take advantage of this opportunity to quit the habit. He tosses up his hat so high that it almost touches the ceiling, and cheers so loudly that his wife who is in the kitchen preparing dinner can almost hear him.

Third, it affects the man who is a heavy drinker. This man claims he can leave it alone, but he does not let it alone except when he is asleep. This man does not toss up his hat. He pulls it down over his ears, and his face looks like the coast of Southern Italy after an earthquake. This man does not cheer. He grumbles deep down in the cellar. This man, no matter how much he drinks, does not get drunk. Yes, he can drink ten breweries dry and drown in a barrel of whisky, and still be sober. This man has no credit. Not a store in town that would credit him for so much as a second-hand tooth-pick, or a canceled postage-stamp. This man does not allow his wife to handle his pocket-book—in

fact, he has no pocket-book, but carries all his money in his trouser pockets—fifteen cents in one pocket, and thirty-five in the other.

Fourth, it affects the man who gets drunk every time he drinks, and who drinks every time the saloons open. This poor man is never sober, except when he is in jail.

HIS OPTIMISM.

My prayer has been answered, and I am an optimist. When I see men and women living in ignorance, finding no enjoyment in literature or art, caring naught for intellectual food, some even unable to read or write their names, I grow optimistic, for I know that to be the condition from which education saves their posterity, and I know that the day is coming when every boy and every girl can get education, and that I shall have a part in hastening that day.

When I see people neglecting the sanitation of their surroundings, and the wholesomeness of their food, and as a result become puny and sickly, and fill a premature grave, I grow optimistic again, for I know that to be the state from which the new philosophy of health, the old doctrine of divine healing, the timely use of medicine will save men and women, and I know that this trinity of therapeutics will soon be universally used, and that I shall have a part in bringing it to the understanding of suffering mankind.

When I see men and women living in poverty, their faces pinched with hunger, because capital for one reason or another cannot or will not give them enough work, or enough wages for their work, I grow optimistic once more, for I know there is bound to come a revolution which will relieve them of this slavery, and that I shall have a part in bringing it about.

When I see men stagger down the street under the influence of liquor, see them strike a loved one, see them hauled

to prison, then I grow optimistic again, for I know that to be a crime which Prohibition will prevent, and I know that Prohibition is on its way, and that I shall have a part in hastening it on.

And, lastly, when I see men and women living in sin and debauchery, stealing and lying and murdering, I grow optimistic as before, for I know that to be the condition from which the religion of Christ will save them, and I know that I may have a part in bringing that religion to fallen humanity.

And such is my optimism.

JOKES.

WOULD GO NORTH.

"My little man," asked an elderly lady of a small boy, "when you are grown, which way will you go: north, east, south or west?"

"I am going north," replied the boy.

"And why?"

"So that I'll be nearer Santa Claus."

There was a knock at the door. Little Martha was told that it was a policeman. She hid, her knees trembling. The knocking had been done by her grandmother, who entered with the intelligence that the policeman had left. "My!" exclaimed Martha, "but my legs were scared."

Father—Are you ahead in school, son?

No, pa. The whole school is ahead of me. I sit in a back seat.

A Yellow Creek bride, when asked by the minister to what nationality she belonged, replied, "My pa is a farmer."

INDEED.

"I don't want your old book," cried the irate woman. "I've just been pestered to death by these old book agents."

"Exactly! Exactly!" excitedly shouted the agent as he began to turn the leaves of his book, "that is just why you need this book. It tells you how to get rid of book agents."

Did your husband write poetry to you before you were married?

Oh yes, but he has apologized since we were married.

THE WAY OF THE LIAR.

Sam Burke was known as the biggest liar in the neighborhood. One day while driving toward town he was stopped by Jim Smith, who said:

"Sam, let me have one of your big lies."

"I am sorry to tell you," seriously replied Sam, "that I really haven't time to tell one. I'm just on my way to town now to buy a coffin for old man Osborne's wife as died the other day." Whipping up his horses, Sam disappeared.

"Well, well," mused the astonished neighbor, "that was sudden, sure. Strange that we didn't even know that Mrs. Osborne was sick."

When Jim Smith arrived home he learned that Mrs. Osborne was as well as ever. "That shows," remarked Jim, "that a fellow can tell a lie when he's in a hurry, but when it comes to doing good he wants scuds of time."

A negro washer-woman when told that a seven-year-old boy could read, said: "U-m-ee! You say that dah li'l boy read? He sho' wisely 'speri'nced in de head."

ON THE WRONG LADDER.

The man who has advice to give away met a young man who had come to the city to "succeed."

"You must begin at the bottom of the ladder and work up," he said. "If your ambition is to become the manager of some business, begin as office boy; if you want to be president of some railroad company, begin as flagman; and so on."

Meeting the youth a week later he asked: "Well, my boy, how are you getting on?"

"Fine, sir!"

"Have you a position?"

"Yes. I'm janitor of the largest church in town!"

"Jan-it-or! Surely you could have done better than that."

"Well, you see, I've always had a desire to become a preacher in some fine church, and I intend to work my way up."

A bachelor wanted a wife. There were two ladies down Yellow Creek eligible for matrimony, so far as age was concerned—a Miss Fish and a Miss Stone. But he was too bashful to propose, and solicited the aid of a lady friend. He said:

"I want Miss Fish. Ask her first. If she declines, ask Miss Stone."

Miss Fish told the friend that she would not have the gentleman if his teeth were made out of silver, his finger nails out of gold, and his toe nails out of diamonds. Miss Stone replied, "Oh, this is so sudden—yes, I'll take him!"

When the good news was brought to the bachelor he objected: "That isn't fair. It's not according to the Bible. I asked for a 'Fish' and you give me a 'Stone'."

EVERYBODY REMAINED BUT FATHER.

Daughter—Father must've been offended at what the evangelist said about hypocrites to-night. He left the hall in the middle of the sermon.

Mother—It wasn't that. He didn't like it because the preacher said he believed in work and expected to work himself to death. You know when he shouted, "Give me the man who works. I can't do anything with a lazy devil!" Well, that's when father left.

A little girl who had just been to a fire was asked if the firemen had succeeded in extinguishing the flames. "Yes," she replied, "but the smoke's still a runnin'."

WHY HE DIDN'T GO TO SCHOOL.

A man much interested in poor children was astonished one afternoon to see a ragged boy wandering carelessly around in the mud. His socks were down over the shoe tops, and the mud had bespattered his bare legs.

"Why don't you go to school, my boy?" asked the man.

"Ma won't let me," came the reply.

"Why not?"

"'Cause, it's too muddy."

The fellow who thinks he is great is not as repulsive as the fellow who thinks the other fellow ought to think he is great.

DIDN'T MEAN TO SUPPORT HIM.

"May I give you one of my cards? I am running for Sheriff.

"Is that so? Well, I am awful glad to hear it."

"Thank you! Thank you!"

"Yes, I'd just like to see how bad you can be beat."

THOT PAPA WOULD BE AFRAID.

One night papa started to go up stairs. Little Martha knew it, but she asked:

"Where you doin', papa?"

"Up stairs, dear!"

"Tan I do 'long?"

"No, dear, I will be right back."

"But, papa, won't you be 'fraid by yourself?"

EDUCATION IN TRAVEL.

"Have you ever traveled any?" I asked of Bill Adkins.

"Yep, been way out west."

"How far?"

"Oh, I fergit the name o' the place."

"California?"

"That don't sound like it."

"Oregon?"

"Nope."

"Did you cross any water?"

"Yep, crossed the bigges' waters I ever seed in my life."

"Would you know the name of the place if you heard it?"

"Sure pop."

"Was it China?"

"Longer name 'n that."

"Maybe it was Arkansaw?"

"That's it. I knew I'd know it when I heard it."

Uncle Deb drove the hogs out of the field for the third time that morning, declaring:

"De good Lawd sho' kno' what he doin' when he call de hawgs hawgs, 'cause dey sho' 'nuff is hawgs."

WOULD HAVE BEEN A JOKE ON THE COMPANY.

Bill Adkins was late in getting his ticket, and had to run to catch the Yellow Creek Limited to four miles an hour as it moved away. His stopping place was the next cross-road.

"Tickets!" demanded the conductor.

"I tell you what," declared Bill as he handed it over, "if I'd a-had to a-walked I sure wouldn't a-given up this ticket."

The biggest trouble with most people who know nothing is that they cannot keep from telling it.

ANOTHER SHAM.

"You're wearing one o' them cell'oid collars, ain't ye?"

"Yep."

"Then why do ye wear a hankerchief 'round your neck? It can't wilt down on ye, can it?"

"Nope, but it makes folks think I've got on a linen collar, don't ye see."

"If I could get hold of the fellow that wrote this book," said the disgusted novel reader, as he finished the last chapter, "I would tie the thing around his neck with an iron chain, make him walk all the way to the North Pole, make him sit on top of the pole, and then force him to eat the thing for breakfast, without a bit of pepper or salt."

MR. HEAD AT THE POST-OFFICE.

"There isn't any mail for Cal. F. Head, now, is there? I've been writing quite a number of letters, and ——."

"No, there ain't."

"There ain't!"

"I said there ain't, didn't I?"

"Now, Postmaster, lookee here, I came in here about an hour ago an' asked you if there was any mail, and you said there was not, that the mail was an hour late, and you asked me to wait for it. Now, didn't you say that?"

"I think I did."

"Of course, you did. I can prove it by half a dozen witnesses that stood right there and heard you. Well I waited, fool like, believing you to be honest, and now you've got the audacity to tell me that there isn't any. I could of been home this hour doing important work, and I have got a good notion to charge you up with it. You're no more fitten to run a post-office than I am. I ain't doing nothing rash this time, but you'd better not fool me that way again."

"You're a case."

"Yes, and a suit-case at that."

"How so?"

"Because everything suits me."

"If any of you ever need any money," remarked John Sharp to a crowd of young men at the One-Hoss Store, "don't hesitate to come to me—I'll show you where I borrow mine."

TOLD THE TRUTH.

I asked Farmer Bill Jones if he took a newspaper.

"Yes, sir," he smiled, "I take a daily."

"Is that so? One of the large dailies?"

"Yes, The Woman's National Daily of St. Louis."

"Do you read it much?"

"Sure thing. I read all there's in it."

"Do you ever read between the lines?"

"Not much. Generally read it between the mail box and the house."

"Will you engage yourself with me?" asked the bashful young man.

"Excuse me a moment, please," plead the young lady, as she stepped into the adjoining room.

The bashful young man peeped thru the key hole—and what do you suppose he saw? The young lady was looking in the dictionary.

"You do not mean to call me a liar, do you?"

"Not at all, sir! Not at all! There are times when one should refrain from telling the truth."

FINANCIALLY SPEAKING.

"What's that you're reading there, son?"

"O, just a novel, mother."

"It isn't one o' those dime novels, is it?"

"No, indeed—it's a dollar novel."

"What! Well, that's ten times worse."

"I see from the local items in the paper this week that you've bought a set of Ridpath's History of the World," remarked John Sharp as he greeted Squire Joines on the other side of the creek.

"Yes, I got it about a month ago."

"Well, do you find it interesting reading?"

"Oh, I haven't read any in it as yet. Why, I haven't got more than half thru looking at the pictures."

'Twilliam Joines, after taking a correspondence course in advertising, bought a copy of Yellow Creek Humor. He read it from beginning to the end, and then from end to the beginning; and then writing to a friend, said: "Yellow Creek Humor is great. The pessimist will fling it from him in disgust, and the optimist will order a second copy. Order one and see for yourself."

"I often lie awake in bed until after twelve o'clock," remarked the man.

"And does your conscience keep you awake as long as that?" asked the woman.

"It may be my indigestion."

"That would still be a kind of conscience."

"What kind would it be, then?"

"It would be the conscience of your stomach."

VOTING ON YELLOW CREEK.

It was at the Democratic Primary.

"Are you a Democrat?" asked the officer, the rule being that none but real Democrats should vote.

"Yes, sir," replied the young voter. "But," he added as an after-thought, "I have not voted the Democratic ticket all of my life."

"How's that?" demanded the officer, thinking the young man was not entitled to a vote.

"Well, you see," answered the young man. "I was twenty-one years old before I got to vote at all."

"I understand you have a second-hand automobile for sale?"

"Yes."

"What is the cost per fifty miles to run it?"

"Depends upon what a good team will cost. If the price for a team is reasonable it ought not to be over six dollars."

"As to the question of woman suffrage," declared the orator in an extemporaneous speech, "my opinion right now is—I can't tell what it will be after I see my wife—that women should not vote. If a woman could vote she could run for office—and for an office she certainly would run. Well, a man couldn't run for President of the United States but what his wife would want to get up and run for vice-president on the same ticket."

J. D. Rockefeller may be looked upon as an extreme economist. He doesn't even spend money for combs.

When the pessimist cannot see the dark side he will not look at all.

BILL ADKINS BUYS SOCKS.

Mr. Adkins bought a pair of socks at the One-Hoss store—the second pair he had been known to buy. They were the cheapest pair in the lot. After wearing them three days a hole appeared in the toe of the right side of the sock on the right foot. Bill brought the socks back the next day.

“Look here,” he shouted as he opened the door, “this old sock’s got a big hole in it first thing. Will you take ’em back an’ give me another pair?”

“Not on your life,” replied the astonished store-keeper. “I couldn’t sell socks with holes in ’em, could I.”

Dan is station agent on the Yellow Creek Railroad. There being an opening for a lawyer in the village he studied law by mail. He found the text-books full of Latin phrases, regarding which he told the loungers about the depot:

“I read the Latin an’ all. I’m gettin’ the thing thoroughly.”

“Do you understand the Latin?” they asked.

“Of course,” admitted Dan, “I don’t understand it, but I read it anyhow. Half the fellers readin’ law don’t do that.”

“I want six copies of your book,” writes a youth from the south, “so that I can give one to my beau, one to my chum’s beau, one to my beau’s chum, one to the chum of my chum’s beau, one to the beau of my beau’s chum, and one for myself.”

THOUGHT HE WAS IN A TRANCE.

She—I raylly don’t think the man’s dead. I reckon he’s jis’ gone off in one o’ them trance-actions.”

He—That ain’t it. It’s the trance-portation.

Perhaps they were both right. It was the transaction of death which resulted in his transportation to the graveyard.

THE YELLOW CREEK WALKING CLUB.

A genuine walking club is the latest fad on Yellow Creek.

The lean walk because they want to get fat. The fat walk because they want to become lean. The poor walk because they cannot ride. But the rich are non-members.

To be eligible for membership in this remarkable club a man must have a reasonable excuse for walking.

Furthermore, no member shall take a long step where a short one will do just as well.

It is also understood that it is more dignified to walk than to ask for a ride, but to walk after being offered a ride is the purest kind of folly.

NIGHT-WAKING.

'Tis good to sleep the nights
The wind plays one weird tune,
With little drumming raindrops
On the window in my room.

Tho oft and again I waken
'Tis never with misgiving,
Since all the while I'm not asleep
I know I am still a-living.

WHEN THE MOON SHINES.

Git skeer'd a mighty sight
In de darkness o' de night;
But ah git brave sumtime
When de full moon hit shine.

Kin see de spook a-comin'
In time t' staht t' runnin'—
Das why ah gits brave sumtime
When de full moon hit shine.

MATTHEW 8: 32.

He was a half-witted lad, full of foolish sayings and pranks. One of a crowd of college gentlemen reproved him thus:

“Somebody ought to cast a few devils out of you.”

“That’d be kind o’ hard on you all,” replied the lad, “for you know where devils go when they’re cast out of a fellow.”

BILL ADKINS AS A PATRIOT.

“Yep,” remarked Bill to the loungers about the One-Hoss Store, “that was about th’ beatenest Fourth o’ July I ever seed. I’d every pocket full of fire-crackers, an’ Roman candles, an’ powder, an’ somehow in lightin’ o’ my pipe th’ whole bizness got teched off an’ there was a explosion that tore every smidgen o’ clothes right off my back—an’ when they come t’ examine me they found bruises an’ scratches in th’ forms o’ letters spellin’ th’ beginnin’ o’ th’ Declaration o’ Independence.”

“Sort of an enthusiastic Fourth o’ Ju-liar,” smiled Squire Joines.

If you’re in the race for show,
Some will cheer you as you go—
Whether slow or fast;
If you’re in the race to win
Some will cheer you coming in—
Whether first or last.

“People hold with their hands, don’t they,” asked the young debater. “Then why can’t they hold their tongues with their hands?”

“Because,” replied his opponent, “when their tongue is running away with itself the hands are busily engaged making gestures.”

GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

"I never could understand why the world pays so much attention to the self-made man, but doesn't notice him while he is in the making."

"Well, if it did, the fellow probably wouldn't finish the job."

All the world loves the lover—even if he is a married man, and the object of his affections is his wife.

Lend your books to some of your good neighbors and they will act as if they were doing you a favor—which you can return by coming after the books yourself when you want them back.

TAKE A LOOK.

Take a look at yourself, my boy,
When nobody else is looking;
Till you look to yourself, my boy,
Like to others you're a-looking.

Some men are admired for what they know, others for what they want to know.

SUNSHINE.

Pull de curtains up, sah,
'S fur 's de'll go,
An' let de sun shine in
An' dance 'pon de flo'.

Raise de winder up, sah,
Jes' high 's yo' please—
Sunshine hit go better,
When yo' got a breeze.

ANOTHER BURTSCHER INTRODUCTION.

Dr. W. M. Anderson, of Nashville, delivered his lecture, "A Secular Sermon," to the students of Ruskin Cave College, Ruskin, Tenn., March 26, 1909. There was considerable speculation among the students as to what a secular sermon might be. William J. Burtcher introduced Dr. Anderson as follows:

"Some people—most people—spend the first half of their existence in tasting the apparent sweets of life, and the other half in trying to get rid of the taste.

"It is the business of the preacher to whet the appetite of the young for those things which may be called not only sweet but meat. If he succeeds he is a good business man. If he does not, he is still a good business man, but has a bad lot of customers.

"To succeed in his business, the preacher must, when his members begin to wander into the folds of other denominations, preach a doctrinal sermon; he must, when his hungry members begin to get so lean that they can hardly get to church, preach a spiritual sermon; he must, when the whisky party is about to ride into power, no matter how rough the roads, preach a political sermon—and now and then, when he is about fifty miles from home, he may preach a secular sermon.

"This is the kind of sermon Dr. W. M. Anderson of the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, is about to give us to-night.

"I have heard a doctrinal sermon—so have you. I have heard a spiritual sermon—so have you. I have heard a political sermon—so have you. But I have never heard a secular sermon—have you? Well, say, don't you know that the sooner I quit, the sooner we'll get to hear one."

When you lend a helping hand—let it be gloveless.

Once the saloon people were concerned about keeping the Southern Colonel from going dry—but now they are interested in keeping the whole South from going dry.

HOW TO READ YELLOW CREEK HUMOR.

First, carefully brush your teeth—never smile or laugh with unpolished teeth.

Next, occupy the most comfortable rocker in the house—and open the book.

Begin with page one, and read about as slowly as the water in Yellow Creek runs. Never open a book in the middle and attempt to read both ways.

Such passages as please you, underscore—such as do not, score any way you please.

Imagine that you are fishing in a deep creek teeming with minnows of wit and whales of humor. When there is a nibble, smile. When there is a sure enough bite, laugh.

When you have finished, tell your neighbors about the book—but please do not offer to loan it to them. Give them my address.

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